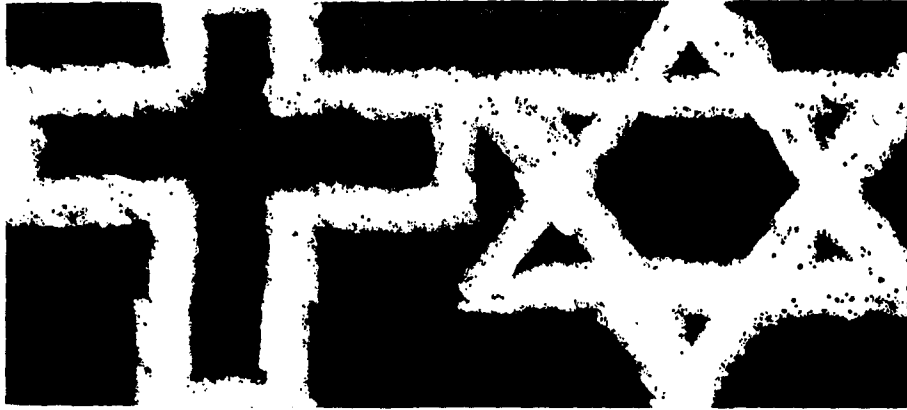


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ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE GOSPEL

Michael D. Zeik

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IS THIS A LIMITED WAR? *D. Gareth
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NEWS AND VIEWS

Time magazine sums up the career of Henry Luce: "Few journalists in his time labored harder to examine all three or thirty sides of an argument, or strove more conscientiously to see that the facts were presented fairly."

Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy has compiled a dictionary of references to the pastor which laymen use. Here are some excerpts, along with Bishop Kennedy's helpful translations of what they really mean:

"He is a spiritual preacher" (He never disturbs me).

"He brings politics into the pulpit" (I don't agree with him).

"He speaks out with courage" (I agree with him).

"His attitudes will hurt church finance" (I will cut my subscription from 25 cents per week to 5).

"He is sowing dissension" (Some people are waking up).

"He lacks judgment" (He takes Jesus seriously).

"The whole church is upset" (I am causing all the trouble I can).

The following poem, written as though by a Vietnamese child, is the work of a 12-year-old Teaneck, N.J., girl, and appeared in a school magazine:

"Why don't the Americans leave us alone?

"I shouted, 'Yankee, go home. Go home.'

"The gun shots I could hear.

"The screams of pain seemed so very near.

"They killed my daddy, my brother, too.

"Oh, how I hate you. How I hate you."

The Teaneck Knights of Columbus, though they acknowledge that the poem cannot be unpublished, are making an issue of it. A spokesman said that the poem "cannot be justified as an exercise in academic freedom," and added: "In our society, honest differences of

opinion are respected and freedom of the press is a time-secured right. However, such privileges carry corresponding duties—namely, truth, decency and good faith. This article possesses none of these necessary elements."

Our Lady's Missionary magazine welcomed the vernacular liturgy by asking readers, "Isn't it better that we approach God in a liturgy that is more meaningful both to Him and to ourselves?" The letter-writer who sent us the item asked if it wouldn't have been easier all around just to send God a Latin grammar.

Adelphos is a new group formed to help ex-priests find employment and to offer them some kind of moral encouragement during the period of re-adjustment. Membership is currently about 20. A letter was sent out to all the Catholic bishops of the U.S. informing them of the group and soliciting their interest and support. Adelphos says that three of them replied, two abusively and sarcastically, the other encouragingly and with a check. The information came to us from Father Brendan Nagle, who is also secretary of Father William DuBay's American Federation of Priests. Those interested in information about Adelphos should write to Father Nagle at 261 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90405.

Archbishop Hallinan of Atlanta, speaking on Vietnam:

(1) We hold that it is morally evil to destroy indiscriminately whole cities or areas with their people. This is a crime against God and man himself. In this same category of condemnation would be any plan for the methodical extermination of an entire people. Blind obedience to orders cannot excuse those who carry out these evil actions.

(2) We hold that the stockpiling of weapons with its underlying philosophy

of overkill is a treacherous trap for mankind. It is a false deterrent, not only because it is loaded with danger but because it exhausts the resources that should be used to alleviate the needs and misery which cause war.

(3) We believe that it is unworthy of a great nation to withhold from its citizens those facts and issues which are involved in a war. True, there is always a minimal area where national security must be insured. This imposes certain necessary, but quite limited, restrictions on the release of information. It does not throw a blanket of secrecy over subjects as serious as the bombing of civilian targets. As you said in Washington this month:

"Our ongoing anguish is a crisis of conscience concerning what we *do* know, and a crisis of confusion concerning what we *do not* know."

(Position Paper of Executive Committee, Washington Mobilization on Vietnam)

(4) The man who in good conscience refuses to bear arms, and instead performs some other service to the human community, deserves the protection of the law, and it may be that history will accord him a worthy role in the keeping of the peace. Those, on the other hand, who defend their own nation or another people in the struggle against aggression merit the traditional honor of those who demonstrate, in Gospel style, their love for their fellowmen by giving their lives for them.

(5) We must summon up all possible support when our government makes efforts to negotiate a workable formula for real disarmament. This should proceed at an equal pace for those involved, and be backed up by authentic and workable safeguards.

(6) We must support the work of international bodies working for peace, especially the United Nations. Basic to this is our willingness to accept honorable decisions that may cost us some inconvenience or loss. As Paul VI said last fall: "The settlement may have to be made later in the train of bitter slaughter, and involve greater loss." (Encyclical, Oct. 1966)

JOHN LEE

CORRESPONDENCE

The "Corrupt" Church

Kendall Park, N.J.

To the Editors: "The Corrupt Church" editorial and Daniel Callahan's "The Renewal Mess" (March 3) prompt me to a number of observations on authority and community, two concepts that are the key to what is troubling Catholicism today.

You quote Father McCabe's belief that "the hierarchical institutions of the Roman Catholic Church, with all their decadence, their corruption and their silliness, do in fact link us to areas of Christian truth beyond our own particular experience and ultimately to truths beyond any experience," and you then comment, "It takes an act of faith to make a statement like that." It sure does, but it is an act of faith that is more sentimental than sound. To believe seriously that a decadent, corrupt, and silly hierarchy is a (necessary?) link to Christian truth has as much going for it as the Hopi rain dances that reinforced the tribe's identity while demonstrating their inability to face reality. The implication of your comment is that, come hell or hierarchy, God is with the Church always, which is equivalent to saying that if the Hopis dance long enough, eventually it will rain. Maybe that sounds too cute, but I simply can't take seriously a stultifying interpretation of God's eternal presence.

To believe that God is providential does not lead one to conclude that He tests this belief by imposing on us a hierarchical structure that must haunt us everlastingly, even if its irrelevance is demonstrable (and the evidence is pouring in). Must we continue to make excuses for hierarchical paralysis when Providence has literally had the foresight to give us the wherewithal (intelligence, conscience, free will, choice) to reform the hierarchical structure, if feasible, or to replace it with a new structure, if necessary? Is Papal infallibility so essential to our obsessive concern for certitude that the Pope's in-

(Continued on page 26)

NEWS & VIEWS: 2

CORRESPONDENCE: 3

EDITORIALS: 3

GETTING YOUR VISA FOR CHICAGO: Bruce Cook

HUMPHREY AT STANFORD: Michael Novak 7

IS THIS A LIMITED WAR?: D. Gareth Porter 9

CHRISTIANS AND VIOLENCE: Stanley Windass 11

'A.J.': Dorothy Day 14

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE GOSPEL: Michael D. Zeik 16

VERSE: Nancy Price 19

THE SCREEN: Philip T. Hartung 19

BOOKS: 20

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TWENTY YEARS OF COLD WAR

On March 12, 1947, President Truman appeared before a joint session of Congress. "I believe," he declared, "that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." "Totalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression," he argued, "undermine . . . the security of the United States." A month after this enunciation of the "Truman Doctrine," Bernard Baruch delivered an address in which he stated that the nation was "in the midst of a cold war." The phrase caught on. Truman set forth the doctrine, and Baruch devised the name, for the reality with which the U.S. has lived these past twenty years.

The Truman Doctrine was ambiguous from the start. Its occasion was a request to grant \$400 million worth of military and economic assistance to the Greek and Turkish governments in their opposition to Communist insurgencies. Compared to \$25 billion per year wars in Asia, Truman's request seems strictly limited. But it was couched in terms of a global anti-Communist struggle. Even at the time this disparity was noted—and feared. Europeans shivered at the thought of a coming showdown between the U.S. and the Soviets. George Kennan, then chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, warned against using economic aid simply as a defensive measure against Communism and giving across-the-board support to any kind of government whatsoever, just as long as it was anti-Communist. Kennan's famous *Foreign Affairs* article, in the summer of 1947, was in fact an attempt to describe a policy of "containment" in moderate terms and avoid the dangers of an anti-Communist crusade.

In many ways, the Kennan view triumphed—for awhile. The Marshall Plan and the refusal to undertake full-scale intervention on the Chinese mainland were in keeping with his approach. But the basic problem remained. Senator Arthur Vandenberg had warned Truman that to get his aid proposal through Congress he would have to "scare hell out of the country." Truman had done just that—hence the stirring rhetoric—and, with the 1948 *coup*

in Czechoslovakia, the Soviets did some scaring of their own. The year 1949 was worse. Mao took over China, Moscow exploded its A-bomb, the Hiss case exploded, and in the spring of 1950 there was Joe McCarthy. . . .

That summer the Korean war broke. The United States ran scared, and it has been running ever since. Containment was shifted to Asia, and then was attacked altogether as "defeatist." Dulles announced "roll-back" and flung alliances, on the model of NATO, all around the globe. The anti-Communist crusade won the day; it became, in point of fact, the virtual National Purpose of the United States.

EDITORIAL CHANGES

We are happy to announce the following editorial changes at *Commonweal*, effective May 1st:

- Edward S. Skillin, who has recently been serving both as editor and business manager, will become the publisher and will concentrate on circulation and managerial problems. Mr. Skillin is now entering his 35th year with the magazine.

- James O'Gara will replace Mr. Skillin as editor. Mr. O'Gara is now in his 16th year as managing editor, having joined the staff in January, 1952.

- Daniel Callahan, associate editor since September, 1961, will become executive editor.

- John G. Deedy, Jr., presently editor of the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, will become managing editor of *Commonweal*. Mr. Deedy was formerly a member of the staff of the *Boston Post*, the *Boston Globe*, and the *Worcester (Mass.) Telegram*. Founding editor of the *Worcester Catholic Free Press*, and a previous contributor to *Commonweal*, he recently edited *Eyes on the Modern World* (Kenedy) and was co-author of *The Religious Press in America* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

- John Leo, an associate editor since 1963, leaves *Commonweal* to join the staff of the *New York Times*, taking with him our gratitude for his contributions to the magazine.

- Peter Steinfels, a member of the editorial staff since July, 1964, becomes an associate editor.

- Wilfrid Sheed, formerly drama critic for *Commonweal* and author of *The Hack* and, most recently, of *Office Politics*, will become literary editor.

- Michael Novak, author of *The Open Church* and *Belief and Unbelief*, a member of the Religion Dept. at Stanford University, and a regular columnist for this magazine, will become associate editor (at large).

It will be decades before historians can pinpoint the responsibilities in all these developments, or sort out what was necessary from what was not. Meantime, we begin to realize the terrible price we have paid for the Cold War. The recent revelation of CIA subversion of private activities in the U.S. is only a small example, but the casual way in which these profoundly disturbing actions have been white-washed and excused on the grounds that "the enemy does it" shows how badly the Cold War has injured this nation. The CIA activity is only an indicator: it is an American Dreyfus case. But this time, it seems, Dreyfus will not be vindicated; *raison d'état* will have the last word.

The highest price America has paid for the Cold War is the national dynamic it has set loose, a dynamic which keeps the conflict going even when the original causes have disappeared. We have achieved a certain *détente* with Moscow. Communism is divided. China is in internal turmoil. So up pops Mr. Rostow with a new theory to justify policy. The U.S., he recently told an English university audience, is containing "romantic revolutionaries." Ho and Mao are probably the last of these, he said, and *after* they have been taught the error of their romantic ways, *then* America can go about the tasks of fostering "true global community" and economic development. Apart from the silliness which makes Ho a "romantic revolutionary" when presumably Diem or Ky are not, Rostow's contention that Mao and Ho are the last of the breed is ridiculous. From Nasser to Barry Goldwater (and probably including Dean Rusk) the world is full of them. The social upheavals of the developing world make their emergence almost inevitable. Truman Doctrine is dead—long live the Rostow Doctrine! And so the Cold War will continue.

BETTER LATE . . .

The dispute at St. John's University is apparently heading toward some sort of resolution. After more than a year of complete intransigence ("there is nothing to negotiate") the administration of the university has finally offered to put the issue up to binding arbitration. The case involves the summary dismissal of a group of dissident teachers, without stated cause or a hearing, in December of 1965.

The trustees of the university now propose to submit the case to the American Arbitration Association, a group likely to be respected by all parties. According to the proposal, the AAA will pick a three-member panel, which will hold private hearings; each teacher shall have the right to be represented by a counsel of his choice. St. John's, then, fifteen months after the original injustice, has moved off dead center with a discussable proposal.

Two points will have to be discussed. First, no provision has been made for the St. John's teachers who went on strike in behalf of those fired. It would seem that an honest and forthright settlement would bar any punitive action here—any striker should have an equal opportunity to get

his job back if he wants it. The injustice that sent him to the picket line cannot be resolved by denying justice in his case. Secondly, the trustees have offered to submit to arbitration "the question on whether under all the circumstances then prevailing, the board of trustees acted reasonably" in firing the teachers. This formulation reflects the belief of the administration that the campus was on the point of chaos, and that the firings were necessary to avert some sort of apocalyptic takeover or dissolution. Concretely, it seems to suggest that the arbitration panel must overlook the university's constitution, which plainly says that teachers are entitled to a hearing before dismissal.

But these points are negotiable, and chances are good that differences will be ironed out and that the teachers will accept the offer. St. John's is pointedly making no offer to the United Federation of College Teachers, but this does not overly concern the union. Father Cahill has conceded the right of any teacher to belong to the group, and recognition of the union has never been one of the demands made against St. John's.

St. John's is apparently ready to move now because of the heavy pressure from Middle States, the accrediting agency. The Middle States threat to revoke accreditation has belatedly whetted the university's appetite for a just settlement. That settlement is welcome—and long overdue.

DRAFT LAW CHANGES

About the only thing President Johnson had going for him when he submitted his message to Congress asking for a change in the draft law was an almost-universal dislike of the present system. This may not be enough to get his proposals accepted by Congress but it is a start. The first reactions were mixed. To the President's plan to have 19-year-olds drafted first there was general assent. To the plan to establish a national lottery to determine who among those eligible for the draft should actually be inducted there was widespread opposition. On the question of student deferments opinion was divided. Hardly anyone objected to the President's desire to end unlimited student deferments. But there is little agreement on whether undergraduates should be allowed to finish their degree work before being drafted (a disagreement the President recognized in asking for further discussion on that issue). Nor is there likely to be agreement on graduate deferments, especially in engineering and the sciences.

Out of this confusion the Congress will have to enact some kind of sensible law. But what should the law be? There seems no doubt that the present system is inequitable, discriminating in favor of middle-class white youth. If you burn your draft card on grounds of conscience you end up in jail. But if you evade the draft by continuing in school indefinitely, you have no trouble with the law at all. If you are a healthy Negro without a student deferment,

you will probably be drafted, and, beyond that, probably continue your run of bad luck by ending up in the infantry. This kind of thing is intolerable.

We see no reason to grant automatic deferment to graduate students any longer. A two-year break between undergraduate and graduate work will harm very few. Nor do we think it essential that undergraduates be assured of a draft-free college life. Again, very few would be hurt by such a break and many would profit. The experience with the G.I. Bill after World War II suggests that older college students are better students. And it might be worth recalling that a number of educators believe that, draft or no draft, some break in the educational process would be a healthy development.



Getting Your Visa For Chicago

During a week marked by Archbishop John Patrick Cody's final withdrawal of support from Chicago's Catholic Interracial Council (CIC, according to the statement issued by the Chancery, "is not an officially recognized archdiocesan agency. Rather it is an interdenominational council. . ."), another equally interesting story went unnoticed by many.

Whether or not one grasped just what was at issue depended largely on which story was read in what newspaper. To be specific, it was reported in the *Chicago Daily News*, on March 2, that Father Peter O'Reilly, the Chicago priest who led the St. John's University teacher revolt, had been offered a job at Illinois Teachers College, South, yet on the insistence of Archbishop Cody had been forced to turn it down. The Chancery gave as grounds for the Archbishop's action the fact that Father O'Reilly was still under contract to St. John's.

The following day, the *Chicago Sun-Times* carried a longer, though rather vague, article summarizing the contents of a letter from William Card, the Chairman of the Chicago Area Council of the American Association of University Professors. The letter, according to the *Sun-Times*, said that "a decree on visiting priests issued by the Most Rev. John P. Cody could limit academic freedom at secular as well as Roman Catholic institutions." The article went on to give background on the Archbishop's decree of September 21 (requiring that priests visiting Chicago seek permission and certification to remain more than three days in the Archdiocese). It also quoted at length from Professor Card's letter—but not a word about Father O'Reilly.

Professor Card's letter was, in fact, occasioned specifically by Father Peter O'Reilly's difficulties with the Chancery. Here is the critical paragraph: "The decisions of the Chancery Office may limit the academic freedom

of non-Catholic as well as Catholic institutions. A department of Illinois Teachers College: Chicago-South recently offered employment to one of the priests dismissed from St. John's University. It considered his distinction such as to enhance the prestige of the department and his attainments such as to enrich its offerings to its students. But the Chancery Office refused the priest permission to teach in Chicago. This act deprived the faculty of the benefits of association with a distinguished educator and the students of the benefits of his teaching. Clearly the academic freedom of the priest, the faculty, and the students was infringed by the decision of the Chancery Office." Professor Card, who is neither a Catholic nor a teacher at a Catholic institution, was writing simply as an elected spokesman for the AAUP. His letter to Archbishop Cody was the source of both the article in the *Sun-Times* and the one in the *Daily News*.

Since he is unnamed in the letter, there might be some slight doubt in the minds of some that it is Father O'Reilly to whom the letter refers. However, he confirmed that this was indeed the case, that if he had been allowed to accept the job offered to him in Chicago, he would have begun teaching last fall at Illinois Teachers College. He also acknowledged that he was technically still under contract to St. John's but had not been allowed to teach there for over a year. Referring to Archbishop Cody's act excluding him from Chicago and from the teaching position there, Father O'Reilly said, "I think it's an interference on the part of the Bishop that must be thrashed out and settled. Either we teaching priests have the rights of our profession—or we don't. Either we have academic freedom—or we don't." Beyond the immediate question, he saw a large issue to be faced: "If there is something about Catholic schools that means they must have less freedom there than elsewhere, then let's admit it and close them up—because if that's the case they aren't doing their job. They aren't worthy to be called colleges or universities."

Archbishop John Patrick Cody's difficulties with the Catholic academic community in Chicago date back to a year ago when he at first forbade and then permitted St. Xavier College's symposium directed toward the development of a theological anthropology. The symposium, to which theologians such as Karl Rahner, Charles Davis, Jean Daniélou and Yves Congar had been invited, was allowed only after Sister Olivia, president of St. Xavier's, had announced the Archbishop's prohibition to the press. The event came off as scheduled and was, on the surface of it, a grand success for the college and the Archdiocese. Subsequently, however, repeated angry letters of denunciation from Archbishop Cody to the Bishop of Brisbane led to the recall of Father T. Patrick Burke, the Australian priest who, as visiting professor, had organized the Xavier symposium. There are also reliable reports to the effect that Archbishop Cody has frequently written the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy ac-

cusing Sister Olivia of incompetence and urging her replacement as Xavier's president.

Following the Xavier Symposium, the Archbishop next came into conflict with the Chicago Catholic academic community over the decree of September 21, which was mentioned in Professor Card's letter. As it applies to colleges and universities, the literal text of the order (which is still in effect) requires that any priest coming into the diocese—whether to teach, lecture, participate in a symposium, or simply as a student—must first secure certification of credentials from the Chicago Chancery. In response, 220 Catholic college teachers in the Archdiocese signed a protest statement saying that the order violates academic freedom. This was immediately followed by an open meeting of the Loyola chapter of the AAUP at which a resolution was drawn up asking that the Archbishop withdraw the section of the decree which, it was felt, constituted a restriction of academic freedom. There has been no official response to the resolution submitted in October, nor to three letters that have been sent to him since by a Chicago-area, Catholic-college-faculty committee.

Unofficially, however, teachers were assured first by Father James F. Maguire, president of Loyola University, and later by various priests working in the Chancery, that certification was merely a technicality and of course the Archbishop had no intention of restricting anyone's academic freedom with the decree or without it. While these assurances were no doubt given in good faith, there have been a number of cases since last fall in which Archbishop Cody has used all power at his disposal (including his decree of September 21) to force priests out of the Archdiocese.

To be somewhat more specific, an Indian priest doing graduate work at DePaul University incurred the wrath of the Archbishop—presumably because he failed to present himself for certification. He was told to get out of the Archdiocese; when he failed to comply, letters were written to the priest's bishop in India, who in turn urged cooperation. The priest moved to Hammond, Indiana, and commuted to DePaul from across the state line.

A Jesuit from another city wrote to the Chicago provincial, telling him that he would be coming to the city to do graduate work in sociology. He was advised that under the circumstances, he had better clear things through the Chicago Chancery. He did and was refused permission to come. The difficulty here, as in a few other cases, seems to be that the priest was to attend the University of Chicago. It seems to be the Archbishop's keen desire that Catholic Religious attend Catholic religious institutions.

More recently, when seven south suburban assistant pastors voiced their objections to the Archbishop's pet fund-raising drive, Project Renewal, it was discovered that one of the priests was a religious from outside the Archdiocese here as a graduate student at Loyola. Archbishop

And, of course, we have the case of Father Peter

BRUCE COOK

HUMPHREY AT STANFORD

The radicals had even less confidence in a demonstration calculated to win the attention and respect of

Early on the morning of the talk, students who had been at the all-night vigil filed over to take their places on the front steps of Memorial Auditorium. Apparently,

many Humphrey supporters also had plans to fill the 1700 available seats. The Secret Service had possession of the building all morning. At 10:35, two doors were opened and students were allowed in one by one, their identity cards checked. The crowd advanced with extreme slowness—by 11:20 when the doors were closed, some who had waited near the steps since 10:00 a.m. had advanced no more than fifteen feet, and some who were on the bottom steps had not reached the door. Yet inside every seat was taken.

How did the auditorium fill up so swiftly? Administrators at Stanford have signed affidavits affirming that less than 100 passes were issued for the use of the press and certain others in entering by the two side doors guarded by the secret police.

When Humphrey entered the auditorium, those in the first five rows rose and applauded vigorously. The tactic of silence was rendered futile. Between seven hundred and a thousand of those inside wore white armbands, but in a contest between noise and silence, even a minority of noisemakers wins easily. Mr. Humphrey spoke to his audience with clichés borrowed from *Time* magazine's cover story on "the now generation." He did not even mention Vietnam in his prepared remarks, until the conscientious heckler shouted "What about Vietnam?" and Mr. Humphrey thanked him for the cue.

Responding to questions from four panelists, Mr. Humphrey talked of the war in Vietnam in those simplistic terms to which Mr. Dean Rusk has accustomed the American people—"aggression from Hanoi," incredible comparisons with Greece and Korea under Harry Truman, and with the following excuse for civilian casualties: since "you can't put a bomb in a barrel . . . some people are bound to get hurt." The predictions of the radicals were being vindicated.

When Mr. Humphrey was asked directly why so many persons in the intellectual community opposed the war, he said he found, on the whole, that the majority support the Administration. At this point, the futility of silence by now amply manifested, two-hundred and fifty students arose and walked out as if to say: "Don't count us in that number, Mister Vice President!" "There go the smart ones!" Mr. Humphrey said testily. He was obviously prepared, however, and gave a ringing line about the dogmatism, intolerance, and immaturity of those who do not stay to listen. He added that the main part of his talk was done and so it wasn't such a bad time to go, after all. The crowd broke into its most vigorous applause. Nothing seems more threatening to Americans than students who protest "the system"—not even the bombing of children arouses such indignation as students who do not exhibit the customary decorum.

The mood of many at Stanford after the Vice-President's departure was bitter and sick of soul. Those who had counseled dignified silence felt that they had been rendered worse than useless. The radicals were passion-

ate about the sham and complicity. Mr. Humphrey did not even attempt to meet the responsibilities of an academic platform; he manipulated the politeness and courtesy Stanford had extended. The press and television reporters concentrated, almost without exception, on the walk-out and the scuffling outside as students of many persuasions ran to see the Vice-President leave, and some opposed to the war shouted "Shame! Shame" and "Murderer!"

Later Mr. Humphrey told *U.S. News & World Report* that someone had thrown a container of urine. No one at Stanford saw any such thing; a cloud of direct witnesses stands ready to testify against the distorted view of his departure given by the media and now expanded by him. The story that has drifted back through many tellings from Washington to Stanford is that a secret service man was hit on the leg with a beer can (which he himself overturned? or someone's foot accidentally struck?), and that later the smell was so bad he had to leave the car. (Was it stagnant water? a residue of spoiled beer?) Asked to clarify this ugly statement by a telegram from the *Stanford Daily*, Mr. Humphrey was once more evasive and said no students, only non-students, had caused trouble. But there was no trouble—much less than from a crowd in St. Peter's in Rome, or a crowd leaving a football game. And, besides Stanford students, there were only secret service men in sight. President Sterling, who is now suffering a great deal from the California Right Wing, apologized to the Vice-President before the facts were established, and issued a firm warning to the students about academic decorum—as if it had been violated. Many at Stanford think that Mr. Humphrey owes Stanford apologies on several counts, and that the students conducted themselves passionately but decently.

What did the Humphrey visit teach us? That in these days, it is more than ordinarily difficult "to love justice and still love your country." And, above all, that the instruments of a mass society—the elaborate courtesies required of the university, the dependence of the university on powerful forces outside it, the power of high government officials to preempt any platform and to misuse it as they please, and the distorting lenses of what "makes news"—easily drown out the voice of conscience. Must we all become tacticians of image-making? Is the ultimate struggle one for the control of the mass-media?

The Humphrey visit was a rude shock to many moderates. Preparations for his visit united radicals and moderates against the war as never before. Perhaps the seed was sown of a moderate political movement of potentially enormous strength, a movement of those who have come to see how manipulative what passes for politics in this country has become, but who have not yet accepted the simple anabaptist theology of the radicals which sees sham only in others and fears that power and institutionalization constitute a "sell-out."

MICHAEL NOVAK

IS THIS A LIMITED WAR?



Moderate aims vs. immoderate means

D. GARETH PORTER

In his State of the Union address President Johnson referred to the conflict in Vietnam as a "limited war" which had to be won in order to avoid a larger one. After two years of military escalation in Vietnam, however, most critics of the war are struck by the apparent absence of any established limits on manpower, firepower, death and destruction in the war. The President's use of the term, therefore, invites the question: in what sense *is* the war in Vietnam a "limited war"?

"Limited war" has often been used in the literature of international relations to denote a conflict in which neither side uses all the power at its command, i.e., any war other than all-out thermonuclear war. In this narrow sense, Vietnam is, of course, a limited war.

But the President clearly meant to imply something more, for he has repeatedly invoked both self-restraint and strict control as the fundamental realities of the war. And even more frequently, the Administration's statements have emphasized the limited political objective for which the United States is fighting, namely, an independent and non-Communist South Vietnam. Secretary McNamara, Secretary Rusk and the President himself have seized every opportunity to declare that they do not seek either the destruction of the Communist government of North Vietnam or any further political advantage in Southeast Asia.

What the Johnson Administration has done, in fact, is to define limited war in terms of the nature of the political aims which it has proclaimed: unambiguous, moderate aims which do not ask unconditional surrender of anyone and which can be achieved by negotiations rather than warfare if the enemy will only stop fighting.

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This definition draws upon the theoretical conception of limited war which was first elaborated by Henry Kissinger and Robert E. Osgood in books published in 1957. The essence of the concept was that the establishment of limited and precise political aims would determine the degree to which military force in a peripheral conflict could be controlled and limited. As Kissinger explained in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, these "specific political objectives" would "tend to establish a relationship between the force employed and the goal to be attained." This implied that force employed would be proportioned in some rough fashion to the objective, and Osgood eloquently argued precisely that point in his book, *Limited War*.

The Osgood-Kissinger conception of limited war rapidly became popular among those both in and out of government who worried about military strategy. At a seminar on limited war sponsored by the American Ordnance Association in December, 1957, it was much in evidence: limited war was defined in the official program as a "war fought to achieve a limited objective" with a "limited amount of . . . national resources."

But the conception of limited war which gained so much currency was fundamentally defective. As Bernard Brodie pointed out in 1959, the definition of limited war in terms of its relationship to declared objectives "diverts attention from the crucial fact that the restraint necessary to keep wars limited is primarily a restraint on means, not ends".

This conception left out of account the fact that, when a global and imperial power engages in warfare, even an objective of the most limited strategic value is likely to become endowed with almost unlimited importance. In Vietnam the "limited objective" idea of limited war has been revealed as irrelevant, for it is not the formal objective

constituting the U.S. war aim which determines American policy there but other, more generalized purposes. Washington incessantly points out that the stakes of the war include the credibility of the American commitment and that it is a major test of American willingness and ability to defend its dependents in Asia and elsewhere. In short, American political-military prestige is involved.

When a nation convinces itself that it cannot be secure if its reputation for power has been damaged by failure, we have arrived at something close to an objective which is unlimited in the sense that it must be attained at all cost. Whatever limits are then imposed on the military operation are ultimately contingent on considerations of military success.

This is the conclusion to which many members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee came during the hearings on Vietnam last February, when the whole idea of limited war was examined in some detail. New Jersey's Senator Case expressed the feelings of these members when he said to Secretary Rusk that he had begun to think that "there is no such thing as a limited war in the sense that you go into it with any reservation as to the degree of your resources you are going to put into it."

A Dangerous Assumption

The Osgood-Kissinger conception of limited war not only failed to apprehend fully the nature of American foreign policy but was also mistaken about the nature of the foe which the U.S. would face in such a war. The primal task of limited warfare, according to Kissinger, is to "affect the opponent's will, not to crush it, to make the conditions to be imposed seem more attractive than continued resistance . . ." The assumption was that the opponent, whether it be Soviet Union, China or a lesser power, would be carefully calculating both at the onset and at the end of the war. Since the object in question was presumed to have limited value to the enemy, that value would surely be outweighed by the costs inflicted by American military operations. In this way, we could have both limited war and a settlement on our terms.

Relying largely on this assumption McNamara has insisted repeatedly that the Viet Cong and North Vietnam must soon give up the fight as hopeless, since they are not winning but are taking severe punishment. But it should be clear by now that their reasons for fighting are such that calculations of cost and value do not apply. Nevertheless, the bombing of the North and the offensive in the South are being continually intensified. The Administration has apparently not asked itself at what point the policy of "persuading" the enemy becomes a policy of crushing it.

On the same faulty theoretical basis, the Johnson Administration apparently thought that it would be able to win the war while presenting to the nation and the world an image of moral restraint. This image was based on the claim that American bombing in North Vietnam would

distinguish between military targets and civilian population. President Johnson went so far in 1965 as to contrast the American bombing of steel and concrete in the North with the Viet Cong attacks against civilians in the South.

But the pretense of moral restraint has been one of casualties of military escalation. The testimony of Americans who have seen the bomb damage in North Vietnam now makes it clear that the United States has undertaken a bombing policy which assumes as its primary effect an ever-increasing level of death and destruction in residential areas.

This should not have come as a surprise to anyone, for the objectives of the bombing have never precluded but have always implied such essentially "non-military" effects. Those objectives were and are to limit the infiltration of men and materials into South Vietnam and to bring pressure on the North to cease providing such assistance altogether. In pursuit of the latter objective the U. S. is necessarily involved in an exercise in terror which feeds on the hope that increasing the pressure a little bit further will bring the desired change in Hanoi's policy.

Air Force Secretary Harold Brown, in discussing the "indirect effects" of the bombing before a Congressional Committee last year, cited the economic dislocation and the manpower strain but omitted reference to civilian casualties. It is scarcely credible, however, that this most painful effect of all is left out of account in official thinking. For if the bombing is intended, as Secretary McNamara has put it, to "force them to move toward negotiations"; if, in Secretary Rusk's words, "there has to be clear evidence that our air strength in North Vietnam is going to apply continued pressure and they are going to suffer continuing loss and pain from the air," then the bombing can hardly be confined to surgical strikes against strictly military targets which have little impact on Hanoi's willingness or ability to carry on its support of the war in the South. It must deeply affect civilian life itself.

The problem was dramatized in the dispatches from North Vietnam by Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times*. The transportation system of North Vietnam, he pointed out, is still a primitive one, and it has long been clear that the effects of aerial bombing on this system would be minor. The traffic is only temporarily halted, and the damage to the road is quickly repaired. On the other hand, roads and rail lines have thousands of people living near them, and it is on these people that the bombings have their greatest impact. Salisbury reported seeing bomb damage as far as a mile in both directions from the transportation target. In Hanoi, entire neighborhoods have been destroyed, with no military target in the vicinity except a single rail line. Another American observer, William C. Baggs, editor of the *Miami News*, has verified that schools, churches and homes were bombed as far as a half-mile from the nearest railroad or highway.

The major industries, the dykes and most of the urban population have so far been spared, of course, not be-

cause of any moral restraint, but because they are now the primary levers in making the North Vietnamese government capitulate.

All of this makes meaningless the Defense Department's statement in December that "all possible care is taken to avoid civilian casualties." The underlying fact is that the lives and homes of the civilian population in both North and South Vietnam are subordinated to considerations of success in the war.

Indeed the war in South Vietnam is in this sense perhaps as unlimited as any other in this century of total war. Because so much of the war revolves around villages which are under Viet Cong influence and because of the difficulty of separating the enemy from the rest of the people, it has been found militarily expedient to attack these villages with airpower and artillery, when it is believed either to harbor Viet Cong soldiers or to be more sympathetic to the Viet Cong than to the Saigon government. Sometimes the inhabitants are warned; sometimes they are not. The intellectual rationale for this policy was

provided in 1965 by a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense who told *Ramparts* editor Robert Scheer that if civilians chose to live in areas controlled by the Viet Cong they could automatically be considered the enemy.

Thus the Vietnamese living in those areas where the war is actually being fought are subject to destruction by one side or the other unless they surrender themselves to its political discipline. If the limited character of a war has anything to do with its distinction between military force of the enemy and its civilian population, the war in Vietnam certainly is not limited.

We may console ourselves, then, with the idea that the war in Vietnam is limited from the American standpoint, being confined to the Asian mainland and to conventional explosives. But it is by no means clear that the U.S. will conclude this war in the style prescribed by the original limited war theory, by changing the enemy's will rather than by crushing it. And if we view it from the standpoint of the South Vietnamese themselves, we can conclude only that it is the closest thing to total war.

Is aggression valuable?

CHRISTIANS AND VIOLENCE



STANLEY WINDASS

Anyone seriously concerned with the problem of violence today is likely to be torn by conflicting views. It is hard to maintain a steady direction. And yet the confusion is creative. The very passion of debate is a sign of concern, and we may feel that we are at last taking seriously the problem of controlling that most intractable and menacing part of our environment—our own human selves.

One current of thought in which Christians especially are caught up is neo-pacifism of the Gandhian school. In the person of Gandhi, two great traditions of non-violence flowed together, and suddenly became startlingly relevant to a real political situation. Reared in a Hindu environment among holy men so imbued with the spirit of gentleness that they would make it a point of the utmost seriousness not to hurt a fly, Gandhi read the New Testament in a new perspective, and discovered in exaltation that Christ was a real Holy Man, that for him too non-violence was a cardinal principle, that the two great religious traditions were in profound harmony. Because he was a man of action, a successful

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political hero in the center of the world's stage, he disposed once for all of the illusion that non-violence was a negative withdrawal from the world's problems. He thus established both a new tradition of political action and a new tradition of thought which is still a major force in the world. Neo-pacifist thinking stresses the disciplines of "ahimsa"—the elimination from the personality of all violent or hostile thoughts and actions, the non-retaliatory response, the suppression of haste and possessiveness; it draws freely from the great and long-neglected Christian pacifist tradition, based on the example of Christ—"he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

At the same time, quite a different kind of thinking is going on, based not on religious traditions but on the scientific study of primate behavior. During the last five years there has been a spate of research and publication in the field of animal ethology, much of it concerned with the nature of aggression. Two recently published books, concerned with animal behavior and its relation to human behavior, are essential reading for those who are stimulated rather than dismayed by a challenge to the holiest of prejudices. One is the classic study *On Aggression* by Konrad Lorenz (Harcourt, Brace), Director

24 March 1967: 11

of the Max Planck Institute in Bavaria and one of the world's foremost ethologists; and the other is Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative* (Atheneum), a book written perhaps without a scientist's reserve, but with a dramatist's zest, full of the most lively and astonishing descriptions of animal behavior, and of the boldest speculations about the evolution of hunting—man and the control of human aggression.

The study of animal behavior liberates us temporarily from the moral preoccupations, the taboos and the judgments, which are liable to distort our thinking when we approach with traditional tools the problem of aggression in man. Since condemnation of animals is manifestly a waste of time, the attribution of original sin a patent absurdity, and there is no prospect of changing behavior by training or exhortation, we are free to think along quite different lines. The questions we must ask are those of the biologist, not those of the theologian.

Why Aggression?

The first fact we must patiently absorb is that aggressive behavior among animals of all genera is an extremely widespread phenomenon; and having once absorbed this fact, we must learn to ask why. Now we must begin also to listen with a scientist's ears, and to ask Robert Ardrey's question—"We may comprehend the evolutionary necessity for bringing together a breeding community and through migration and other forms of homing capacity for ensuring its reproductive isolation. But why must it live in a dense, challenging, competing, squabbling, argumentative mass?" Why also must clans of howler-monkeys live in perpetual hostility with territorial neighbors? Domestically they live in the greatest peace and harmony, in large social units or clans. Each clan has its own tree-top territory. But once let two clans sight each other in the ill-defined no-man's land between the two, and total warfare breaks out, as each group howls in the utmost rage and dances frantically through the branches. The bark however never becomes a bite. If an intrusion has occurred, the intruder always withdraws further at the end of the display, leaving the home team in possession.

Both the squabbling gulls and the nationalistic monkeys illustrate intra-specific aggression, or aggression within the species, as distinct from aggression between different species, which normally only occurs when there is a predator-prey relationship. The survival value of catching prey is obvious; less obvious, until now, has been the biological value of the interpersonal and inter-group squabbling, when brother attacks brother. Yet a survival value it must have, unless our evolutionary approach is totally misconceived.

One element in the answer to this puzzle is the territorial instinct. The impulse to lay hold on a specific territory and to defend it against all challengers of the

same species is virtually universal among animal kind—whether the territory defended is purely individual, as in the case of the tropical fish which we can observe (with Lorenz' expert guidance) in our own aquaria, or purely social, as with the Howlers. The dog barking at passers-by behind his master's fence is, in Lorenz' view, obeying precisely the same instinct as that which impels his master to erect the fence in the first place; while the apparently indifferent cat quietly marks out another exclusive territory with his own special odors. These observations are commonplace. Much less commonplace is the startling degree of organization and ritual precision attached to the establishment and defense of exclusive breeding plots among, for instance, the Uganda Kob.

Territory is established by a pattern of aggression and submission, but what is the biological purpose of territory itself, and what is the value of establishing it in this way? Again, elements in the answer are beginning to emerge, though we are only beginning to explore this new field of thought. Spacing of territory results in the economic distribution of a species over the available habitat—much as negatively charged electrons will distribute themselves over the surface of a sphere. Exclusive territory ensures to the proprietor adequate food supply, affords him, should he require it, adequate protection against predators in familiar hideouts. In many cases breeding can only take place when territory has been established, and thus the ability to establish territory is crucial in determining family survival—nature ensures that the landless will have no offspring.

Quite apart from this territorial behavior, an order of dominance or hierarchy is established in many species by a similarly purposeful use of aggression. The "pecking-order" is as familiar as the farmyard—but the degree of social organization achieved by pecking orders is a new revelation, and the vital question of function is only now being asked; what is the value to the species of this kind of organization, and how is aggression controlled to achieve its specific purpose?

The graceful antlers of the stag seem to be an evolutionary freak. Developed exclusively for the purpose of fighting rival males, they are totally ill-adapted for any other function—such as that of defense against a real aggressor—and are a positive encumbrance for normal living. The rival fight itself is a highly ritualized affair, in which the instinctive behavior ensures that no injury is done, though the champion is infallibly selected. The rival fight illustrates the general conclusion which must follow from this kind of study. There is a great deal of aggression in nature; but far from being a scene of chaotic savagery, as suggested by the "nature red in tooth and claw" image, it is a place of ordered and functional aggression in which the threat of injury is always present, but in which harm is seldom done; it is a place where the threat of death serves the purposes of life, a place where aggression is universal but murder—

except when predator meets prey—extremely rare.

And so we come back to the more ordered yet more chaotic world of man. What are we to make of our own predicament, as we face the risk of racial extermination through a miscarriage of war, which is one of the most universally venerated of our cultural institutions? Something, we might think, has gone wrong; and through sheer panic, if nothing else, we might be inclined to feel that the pacifist answer must be the right one—that we must tear up the roots of aggression in ourselves and in our nations, repent of our folly and learn to love one other.

But can we any longer say this, in view of the new insights and the new approaches suggested by the study of animals? Of course we cannot rashly generalize from herring-gulls to men, or from baboons to G.I.'s; but we cannot ignore that something startlingly like instinctive territorial behavior does play an important part in human affairs both interpersonal and international. Men of course live in a world of ideas and ideals, and not just in a world of matter. But the ideals are rooted in matter, and in natural human instincts and allegiances, and it is only through understanding the basic human matter that we can reach a mature understanding of our spiritual conflicts. Whatever we think of Communism, we must admit that the howler monkeys perhaps have something to teach us about the Cuban crisis; and, however dedicated we are to the scholarly pursuit of truth, we are simply blind to the facts of human nature if we neglect the fact that a certain aggressive rivalry among males is as much a part of the scholar's world as it is of the footballer's.

The Roots of Aggression

If aggression is so deeply rooted in all animal nature as recent research suggests, if it is first of all an orderly and functional biological activity of vital importance in the evolution of species—and if we participate in some way in this animal nature—then can we really think in terms of eradication of all violent and aggressive impulses, can we simply disown a heritage whose profundity we are only beginning to comprehend? Would it not perhaps be as great a mistake to deny that we are sexual creatures? Let us not fall from one error into another. If we doubt for one moment the importance of violence and conflict in the life of man, we need only glance through the headlines of a popular newspaper (sports page included) to appreciate our error.

Yet the problem remains—the challenge presented to us by the disfunctional development of violence in our society. What has gone wrong? Ardrey suggests that man began his dizzying evolutionary ascent as a specialist carnivorous hunter, that he is still by nature a hunter thirsting for the blood of his prey—and that his richest and now virtually his only prey is man himself. Lorenz

presents a more modest case, arguing that man, unlike naturally weaponed animals like wolves and tigers, has simply "grown" his weapons too quickly to grow at the same time appropriate instinctive inhibitions which would ensure their proper functional use.

There may well be elements of truth in both these views; but the answer to the question—what has gone wrong?—may ultimately be more complex than either. Teilhard de Chardin presents us with a fascinating vision of the progressive knitting-together of the human race—the perpetual series of migrations, conquests and wars. His vision suggests that there could be a positive element even in the very extravagance of man's destructiveness—a prayer for unity in the blood shed by the conqueror's sword, in the very arrogance of human cultures an aspiration towards that brotherhood never to be realized by the more pacific beasts.

These are disturbing thoughts for the pacifist to tolerate; yet it is such thoughts which the new science of man is forcing us to tolerate, and if we believe in the holiness of truth we cannot shrink from the invitation to explore the jungle of our own origins and of our own deepest instincts. If there is hope for man, that hope must be founded on truth and not on falsehood.

Lorenz' great originality lies in his insight into the processes of ritualization, by which the animals' aggression can be modified and redirected in cases where its crude expression would be harmful to the species. Man's aggressiveness is perhaps infinitely more complex, and certainly infinitely more dangerous—but it is no more *intrinsically evil* than that of other animals; and if man's aggression is more complex, his capacity for ritualization is infinitely greater, coupled as it is with the unique capacity which he has developed to talk about and to understand changes in his new environment which instinct alone could never cope with.

Somewhere in this area of thought the pacifist and the ethologist will find common ground, if both are concerned with truth and with the future of humanity. Christians boast that theirs is a historical religion. It is indeed a religion rooted in the history of a nationalistic expansive and arrogant human culture; Israel was in many ways the earthiest and most human nation that there ever was. Yet it was from this matter that Christianity evolved—not by a destruction, but by a transformation. At the heart of this transformation was a fiery, dominant, and revolutionary personality, crucified in a scene of the utmost violence which remains the ritual center of our worship.

Christianity is well-rooted in the stuff of human nature. If the Christian pacifist can only avoid the heresy of romanticism—which is another name for the heresy of Mani—he will find his thought and action immensely enriched by the new resources of knowledge which are now being made available to us by the advancing science of man.

'A. J.'



DOROTHY DAY

Abraham Johannes Muste of the War Resisters League, known to millions as A. J., died on February 11th at three o'clock in the afternoon at St. Luke's hospital, in New York. He had not been ill a day. That morning he had woken up suffering pains in the back, and his doctor had urged him to go to St. Luke's. Soon after he entered the hospital he lapsed into unconsciousness and died most peacefully. His had been a long and a happy life of work for brotherhood and peace.

Muste had given us the story of his early life in an uncompleted autobiography which is included in a volume called *The Essays of A. J. Muste*, edited by Nat Hentoff and published by Bobbs-Merrill. He was born in a small Dutch town of so little importance that its name was treated with derision, as Bohunk is here, or Wigan Pier is in England. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" comes to mind. His father was a coachman for a rich family who lived in what seemed to him a palace. His own family lived in one room, with alcoves for beds. He remembers having the job of fetching the morning porridge from a community kitchen for the employer's big family, and how heavy the kettle was in the cold and dark of early morning. He was five or six then. He doesn't mention being hungry ever, so perhaps his mother, who was gay and smiling (she played the part of Santa Claus at Christmas time) fed him before he set out.

When on the insistence of his mother's brothers, and with the offer of a loan for passage in steerage, the whole family spent two weeks at sea in midwinter with their own provisions, and the mother became ill and had to be hospitalized, the father easily substituted for her, and there is no mention of hardship because of the mother's absence. Indeed, the father took the children to a window on deck where they could greet their mother and see her smiling face. Because of her illness, they had to stay on Ellis Island for a month, and they used to play through the halls, with never a rebuke, because they were well-behaved children. Indeed, one senses that the Dutch were welcome guests in this new land, diligent and Protestant as they were.

One always thinks of the Calvinists as a dour people, but Muste's reminiscences are happy ones. At the first sound of the church bells on Sunday, a "jubilant" an-

nouncement, he calls it, the way to church and the time in church "are a delight, and the entrance into it, an entering into another world, the real world; the feeling which later I found conveyed in one of the New Testament Epistles, that one had come to the city of the living God."

He did not despise the "little way," the small incident. He tells of only one, and there must have been many, but he was not setting out to write a spiritual autobiography. The story he tells is of the mischievous boy he was, putting out his foot and tripping up a bully, older and larger than he, who had been called up for reprimand to the teacher's desk. The stumbling was taken as further horseplay and the boy was reprimanded twice over. The rest of the day the young A. J. knew that there would be an encounter when they got out of sight of the school, and he does not say that he was not afraid. When the meeting took place and the other boy's opening words were, "You tripped me," he looked his adversary in the eye and admitted it. Strangely enough, the larger boy turned on his heel and the anticipated retribution did not take place. Muste saw this incident as important; he had learned to face up to an adversary, look him in the eye, to admit the truth and not try to justify himself, and, most important of all, to overcome fear. I am sure that the "gentleness" that Père Régamey extols was present in his eye and speech, as it always was, and no hint of making judgment of a *person*, only of a way of acting.

That is one of the things I always felt about A. J., and one of the reasons the young trusted him and listened to him. There was little question of age difference. They were on the same side, and they trusted him in spite of his age. There was no malice in him, and so he found no malice in others. I am not saying that he did not make moral judgments. His whole life was testimony to that. On the one side was life, and on the other death, and he chose life. He kept the commandments, and Jesus promised, to those who loved God and their brother, "Do this and thou shalt live."

The first school A. J. went to back in Grand Rapids, Michigan, was a religious school, and in first grade he was put to memorizing the 119th Psalm (which happens to be my own favorite). His sister started school when he was ready for second grade, and from then on all the children of the Muste family went to public schools. They could not afford the religious school run by the Dutch Reformed Church. After all, his father had begun his work

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in this country at six dollars for a sixty-hour week.

A. J. tells us little of his private life. He mentions that when he graduated from the seminary in Holland, Michigan, he spent a year in the ministry in a small town in Iowa, where he met the young woman who was to be his wife. He fell in love at first sight, married young and had a happy married life for the next forty-five years. He got degrees from New Brunswick Theological Seminary and from Union Theological Seminary in New York, and served in New York churches, one of them on Second Avenue and Seventh Street. He became acquainted with the narrow streets of the lower East Side, with the poor of every nationality clustered there.

He gave up his first full-time assignment to a church in the suburbs of Boston when the United States entered the First World War, began working in Providence with Quakers, and was accepted by them in their ministry some time later. (It was as a Quaker minister that he married my only sister's only daughter, Sue Spier, to Mikio Miyake, a young Japanese scientist, born in Hiroshima and now working at the University of Washington.)

The Textile Strikes

Loving Emerson as he did, and following in Thoreau's footsteps in his espousal of civil disobedience (he called it "holy disobedience"), he enjoyed living in New England. Together with a number of other clergymen he participated in 1919 in the second big Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile strike, and took a leading part. It was only the first of many labor situations he became involved in, an involvement so deep that it took him for a time into the Trotskyist movement and led to a visit with Trotsky in Norway, at the invitation of that exponent of perpetual revolution. As secretary of the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America, Muste participated and led many strikes in the textile field and gained a thorough knowledge of the labor movement.

Peter Maurin was the first one of our Catholic Worker family to meet A. J. He had heard of him in Union Square as a Trotskyite, and when A. J. became head of the Presbyterian Labor Temple on Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, he sought him out there for discussion. Peter talked at length and with animation, and I can see A. J., who respected all men, listening carefully, because Peter's accent was hard to get used to, and he was accustomed to talking until he felt he had made his point. Then he would wait for the other man to make his. Peter's idea of a good conversation was one between two people, with other listeners to the dialogue, provided they did not butt in. Such a conversation could go on for a long time, because A. J. knew how to listen, and since he listened with respect for the one who was speaking to him, he made others respect that other also, and try to understand his point of view.

Peter had read us Berdyaev's *Christianity and Class*

War, and it was Muste's essay, "Pacifism and Class War," which had first interested him in Muste. The essays, "Trade Unions and the Revolution" and "Return to Pacifism," written in 1935 and 1936, clearly show what attracted Peter to Muste's meetings. Reading Muste's essays, as I am doing now, I am refreshed and stimulated and happy indeed that there is this record left of the life of a great and good man whose influence will long be felt. It is a great heavy book and weighs a ton, and I'm hoping that it will soon be in paperback so that we will see young people reading it on picket lines, sit-ins and in courts while they await sentencing for the witness they are giving to their faith in the ideas that A. J. set forth so brilliantly for so long.

Years ago, when we were having a conference of peace leaders at the Catholic Worker Farm in Newburgh one winter, one quality in A. J. struck me forcibly, and that is that there was no aggression in his speech or demeanor. While the Catholics felt called upon to express themselves vehemently, one might almost say aggressively, A. J. kept a peaceful calm that could not help but permeate the rather hectic atmosphere. There was a quality of silence about him that everyone remarked at the meetings which were held after his death, and he was not impatient to be heard, or to get his word in. He enjoyed listening to others, one felt, and was not just waiting to have his say, to be heard. And he had plenty to say. He could sum things up succinctly enough at a small gathering, but when he was invited to speak at a meeting he spoke at length, with no gesturing, no "eloquence." You listened to what he had to say, not to how he said it.

But the last time I "heard" him speak, I did not hear him speak, because I was behind the platform set up at Union Square, and the microphones carried his voice across the square even to the opposition that was picketing on the other side. The two of us were there, both of us speaking, to uphold the young men who were about to burn their draft cards in order to dramatize most seriously their opposition to the war in Vietnam, and to conscription, which forced eighteen-year-olds into an army which was committing such atrocities against women and children with their napalm and lazy dog bombs, a war in which every condition for a just war was being violated. There was a terrible threat of violence that day in the air, in the crowd before us as well as in the pickets in the distance. And that there was hostility in this crowd was shown by the man who had a fire extinguisher under his coat and turned it on the draft-card burners. Cries rang out—"Why not acid instead of water?" The water was sprayed over A. J. and me too, and it put out the flames of the draft cards but he stood there calmly as the counter-demonstrators shouted, "Burn yourselves, not your draft cards!" A. J. had spoken about the death of Norman Morrison, the Quaker who had immolated himself in front of the Pentagon not long before, and of Alice Herz, the Jewish refugee who was the first person in the United States to

offer her life in a flaming protest against what men of her adopted country were doing to each other at the other end of the world. It was two or three days after that noon rally in Union Square that Roger LaPorte set fire to himself in front of the United Nations.

* * *

I cannot close this little obituary without quoting a few lines from a book I am reading now. *The Two-Edged Sword*, by Father John L. McKenzie, S.J., written back

in 1955, an interpretation of the Old Testament. Father McKenzie writes, "We must not underestimate the creative powers of the human genius . . . What makes the history of the human race differ from the history of the anthropoid ape is the rare but recurring emergence of men who can break out of the framework of their times and initiate a new departure." I could not help but think of A. J. Muste and how in a new era of violence, he has epitomized the concept of non-violence, in correlating the material and the spiritual, in this secular age.

Are some of us picking up hatred from the Bible?

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE GOSPEL



MICHAEL D. ZEIK

The first anniversary of the Conciliar Statement on the Jews was marked recently by a rather sharp warning from the American Jewish Committee. Unless *both* faiths (and Judaism was not excused from the admonition) increased their efforts toward mutual understanding, the significant gains in Jewish-Christian relations made in the last year would be jeopardized. The A.J.C. went on to cite instances in which textbooks of both faiths had proved one-sided and tactless.

I would like to submit as one of the first projects for study, the problem of the language of the New Testament itself, in regard to the Jewish people.

You will recall that when the conciliar statement was first issued, the deletion of the infamous word, "deicide," from the otherwise excellent condemnation of anti-Semitism, dampened the enthusiasm of men of good will all over the world. Professor Roy Eckardt, writing in the *Christian Century*, blamed the deletion on the language of the Evangelists themselves. "As long as the Church continues to stand up to 'read the Word of God' it has to accept the consequences. It must find that certain 'lessons' in and of themselves sustain and propagate a derogatory image of 'the Jews.'" Eckardt is joined in this charge by Dr. Trude Weiss-Rosmarin, of the *Jewish Spectator*; and, of course, by Jules Isaac, whose work, *Jesus et Israel*, in 1943, after the Nazi holocaust, first brought the problem to the world's attention.

It is the consensus of scripture scholars today that when the Evangelists used the word "Jews" in the account of the passion, they meant a particular sect, a ruling clique, or an assembled crowd.

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Even Paul Winter, whose book, *On the Trial of Jesus*, and whose recent articles in *Commentary* have created some stir, does not believe that actual anti-Semitism motivated these passages. Although he feels there is evidence to show that the evangelists, out of fear of Roman persecution of the tiny band of early Christians, presented the Roman authority, Pilate, in a more favorable light than he deserved, excusing him from principal responsibility in the death of Jesus. Winter argues, in brief, that the Jews, contrary to popular opinion, *did* have the power to mete out capital punishment for crimes against the Jewish law. He was handed over to the Romans, says Winter, because his was a crime of rebellion against Roman sovereignty in Judea, rather than a crime against religion. Pilate, and not the Jews, was therefore the principal judge and executioner. For proof, Winter cites the stoning of Stephen by the Jews. Surely this was a case, he says, of meting out capital punishment for violating the Jewish religion.

But it's not so clear as Winter would maintain. The stoning of Stephen seems to have been a spontaneous, riotous act, rather than a deliberative judgment and official execution. Moreover, it was the universal custom of Rome to reserve the right of *jus gladii* in all the provinces annexed to the empire. Winter does not mention the fact that when the high priest took advantage of a short interregnum of Roman authority to put to death St. James, the new Roman procurator, Albinus, upon coming into office, severely reprimanded him for over-stepping his authority. And the high priest was finally removed from office for this usurpation by King Agrippa II.

In any case, whether Winter is correct or not, there are many other serious problems of translation and exegesis before us.

Historians are aware today that six of the eight million Jews then living, or fully three-fourths of them, lived outside of Palestine in diaspora, and never so much as heard of Christ until sometime after his death. It is evident, then, that the term "Jews" is used here as an "editorial-collective" noun. In much the same way, we say, "The Russians did this, and the Chinese did that," when we really mean that Brezhnev and Mao Tse-tung, together with the ruling party members, did this or that.

Now the "editorial-collective" is commonly accepted today in modern journalism. Under ordinary circumstances it can probably be used without fear of deception or injustice. Unfortunately, the treatment of Jews by Christendom in past centuries, or by racists in this century, does not argue the presence of "ordinary circumstances." Extraordinary measures, it seems to me, are called for, if we are ever to wipe out this virus of hatred and blood-lust.

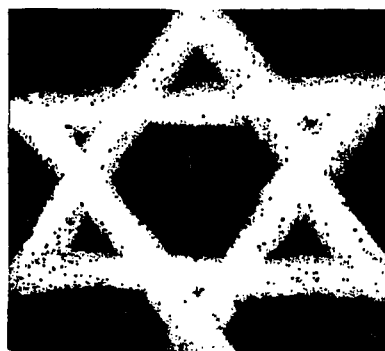
It is quite true, of course, as Msgr. Oesterreicher has pointed out, that the Jews in scripture often represent the whole of mankind. As a modern novelist has put it: "All men are Jews." And it is also true that nowhere in scripture is there a more stinging rebuke to this people, the Chosen People, God's "peculiar treasure," than in the Prophets of the *Old Testament* themselves. "Woe to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children, etc., etc." We know that it is absurd really to suppose any latent anti-Semitism in scripture. New and Old Testament alike, with the one exception of Luke, were written by Jews, about the Jews and, for the most part, for a Jewish audience. Far from being anti-Semitic, these scriptures are the glory of the Jewish people. The national literatures of all other ancient peoples do nothing but heap praises on leaders and populace; the Jewish scriptures alone lash out, fearing neither the power of the mighty, nor the weight of the multitudes.

This is all very well, but the problem remains. The Gospels lie at the heart of Christianity. Can it actually be the case that some people are picking up seeds of hatred, instead of seeds of love, from Gospel texts? Paradoxically, when I have conducted my own private "polls" on the matter, I find that my university friends are much less upset about this possibility than are my less educated friends. Now, I am talking only about people who, educated or not, are free of prejudice themselves, and worried about it wherever it rears its ugly head. This being the case, how it is that the better educated people seem less sensitive about the issue? The answer, I think, is plain. University people know all about literary genres, all about "collective-editorial" nouns, all about symbolic representation—Adam, for man; the Jews, for all-nations. They have probably read Fr. Gregory Baum's scholarly book on this very subject. My other friends, not nearly so knowledgeable, are twice as disturbed. "The Gospel of St. John, particularly," one of them said to me, "doesn't seem to give the Jewish people a fair shake."

I submit that these people, however incomplete their

education on the subject may be, have something to say also. Which of us has not squirmed in the presence of a Jewish guest, when certain texts from the New Testament have been read in sermons and lectures, without further explanation? The Pope himself, last year, caused an international incident by a sermon on the Passion, which followed too literally the wording of the Gospel.

Let there be no misunderstanding on this delicate point. I am convinced, along with (and by) Fr. Gregory Baum, that the New Testament, read with discernment and scholarship, can never be called an "anti-Semitic" document. The problem is how to keep it from becoming one, when it is read with only average good-will and education. What proportion of New Testament readers bring to their task the necessary scholarship to handle this problem successfully? If we are not romantics, we will admit it is not the overwhelming number.



Even Fr. Baum admits that, "Certain texts, in fact quite a few of them, do sound as if the author wishes to make the Jews appear as a castaway people to be despised, but this is so because we read them in the light of a later historical development; we tend to project into the texts what is not contained in them." And to quote but one more authority on the subject, James Parkes, a distinguished Anglican scholar on Jewish history, writes as follows: "In our day and within our own civilization, more than six million deliberate murders are the consequence of teaching about Jews for which the Christian Church is ultimately responsible, and of an attitude to Judaism that is not only maintained by all the Christian Churches, but has its ultimate resting place in the teaching of the New Testament itself."

Yes and no. Parkes, in his zeal for justice, overshoots the mark. It is not the *teaching* of the New Testament, which is in question—a teaching of love for all men. It is our present *translations* of the New Testament—translations which do not do full justice, which do *injustice* to that very teaching of love. But Parkes is right about this: if the translations are faulty, how accurately can the teachings come across? Academic distinctions will never bring back to life a single one of the six million Jews so recently slaughtered.

Perhaps it will be objected that, unfortunate as the case may be, it is impossible to change the wording of the

Role for Philosophy

The path of the future, it appears, lies in a close study of that philosophy in which the many streams of our western philosophical heritage most adequately converge. It seems that that philosophy is the tradition of William James, Josiah Royce, C. S. Peirce, John Dewey, and Alfred N. Whitehead. The most influential American Protestant thinkers have characteristically turned to German models; Catholics have commonly turned to Latin models.

Consequently, even when they are at their best, American theologians are seldom speaking the language of their native culture. Their accents, their emphases, their distinctions do not ring true to the American experience. Yet that experience is the forerunner of the future age into which we are rapidly moving: technological, pragmatic, urban, international. No philosophical tradition deals with these realities more humanely and more openly than classical American philosophy.

On the other hand, classical American philosophy has grave weaknesses which the young thinkers of the New Left have already discovered, and which the Christian tradition has the resources to strengthen. . . . Classical American philosophers, working within a stable, comfortable culture, could afford to take some human values for granted: the dignity of the human person, the value of human life, optimism regarding human progress, the reasonableness of human agents. But young people who have seen bloodshed in Mississippi and Cicero, who face the prospect of a command to drop napalm on unseen targets, and who experience every day the illusions and hypocrisies of the pragmatic middle class (including liberal administrators and professors), cannot take such values for granted . . .

—Michael Novak
COMMONWEAL, February 3

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Gospels, which are, after all, sacred revelation. This objection, although it proceeds from loyalty and reverence, does not stand up under either practical or theoretical testing. Theoretically, what can never be changed is the *intent* of the inspired author who wrote the text. The language we use to convey his intent changes in every century—and must change under pain of obscuring that very intent. Practically speaking, we drastically alter the wording of the Gospel whenever it becomes necessary to achieve intelligibility.

From 'Shepherd' to 'Chief'

For example, I have been given to understand that in translating the Gospel into certain tribal dialects, it has been necessary to change completely the famous phrase, "The good shepherd," into "The good chief." For tribes without pastoral experience, the term "shepherd" proved totally alien. Sometimes a shepherd is even abhorred by them as a person unclean. To be true to the *mind* of the Gospel, it is sometimes necessary to re-translate a *word* of the Gospel. Is it really a greater change than that to say "the Rulers," in place of the indiscriminate collective, "The Jews?" And whom, in fact, did the Evangelists *intend* to incriminate when they wrote of the Passion, knowing, as they did, that all the Jews of the diaspora (six of the eight million) had not yet so much as heard of Christ? Are our present translations just to the *mind* of the Evangelists?

No doubt there are difficulties and complications connected with biblical scholarship of which I am unaware. I do not expect for a moment that a layman, lacking professional training in the field, could cut through all these complications, even supposing his awareness of their existence, and come up with an easy solution in one brief article.

But it is the place for laymen—*any* layman—to let our translators, editors, and bible scholars know that the present editions of the Bible trouble us, and offend our sense of fair play. Any day that somebody gets up in our times before a national television audience and starts reading about what "the Jews" did to Christ, is going to cause scandal! It's as simple as that. (If anyone doesn't believe it, let him take his own poll—and, by the way, let him include the Jews.)

So let us have the experts work together; let us have the meetings of scripture scholars; let us have some improvement in our present bibles. Perhaps I am wrong about what changes can or can not be made in the present translation. There remains, as Msgr. Oesterreicher has suggested, the necessity to supply the explanatory footnotes—although I have my doubts that you can "footnote" a thing as troublesome as this out of existence. Surely it was never more important to think this problem through than right now, when the vernacular is replacing the more obscure Latin in churches all over the world.

THE SCREEN

Having seen "The Taming of the Shrew" so seldom in recent years, but having seen "Kiss Me Kate" so often, I half expected when I saw the new movie version of the "Shrew" to hear Petruchio or Katharina or Bianca *et al.* burst into one of those delightful Cole Porter tunes—especially when the Shakespeare lines seem to be the introduction to a song, lines which Porter borrowed openly in ditties like "I've Come To Wive It Wealthily in Padua," "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" and "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple." The rowdy "Shrew," with its thin main plot and silly sub-plot about the young folk, has never been one of my favorite Shakespeares; Porter's "Kate" is far more entertaining. But it is easy to see why Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor would want to do it as an encore after their highly successful "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Although the viewer never gets emotionally involved in the ill-mannered bickering and rough-and-tumble behavior of the two in "Shrew," the movie allows Burton and Taylor to go farther in the fighting and horse-play department than they went in "Virginia Woolf"—and they make the most of it.

Franco Zeffirelli, who directed "Shrew" and co-produced with Burton and Taylor, is at his best in the film's mob scenes which have crowds of people milling around on the Padua set and some exquisite color photography in shades of soft brown, scenes that often have the quality of Brueghel paintings. "Shrew" is handsome in its nicely designed sets and colorful costumes (although at times, the women look as if they are going to fall out of their low-cut gowns). Perhaps to make us overlook the thin plot, Zeffirelli overdoes the slapstick as Burton's determined Petruchio chases Taylor's bad-tempered Katharina. The two of them really battle it out in scene after scene before the wedding and after, until they wear each other (and us) out. At times, Taylor makes Kate look as haggard and shrewish as Martha in "Woolf." But then again, in her lovely wedding dress, Taylor is a vision of almost incredible beauty. The wedding itself, however, is one of the few scenes in bad taste as Petruchio continues his horse-play act throughout the ceremony; I dislike seeing the sacraments made fun of.

Although Elizabeth Taylor's voice is a bit thin for the poetic lines, she comes through well in her final speech, a sermon on model wifely behavior. Needless to say, Burton is superb in his reading of the poetry, his occasional stab at a song, and his boisterous highmindedness in taming his shrew. Michael Hordern, Cyril Cusack and several others handle supporting roles well. At times Zeffirelli's direction is a bit heavy for a light-hearted farce that is mainly an old-fashioned duel of the sexes, but Nino Rota's musical score hits the right light note throughout. Perhaps

"The Taming of the Shrew" can be little more today than an extravagant romp for two good actors. This "Shrew" fits the bill.

Perhaps "Dutchman" is meant to be an acting exercise for two people, too. This is a 55-minute screen version of LeRoi Jones' one-act play about a sluttish white girl who tries to seduce a rather decent, middle-class Negro on a subway, then goads him into a fit of rage, and, after he spouts forth with a tirade against whites, kills him. Shirley Knight, wearing a striped, low-cut mini-dress (very mini) and Eveishly eating apples from her well-stocked shopping bag, over-acts the role so outrageously that one wonders why the hell the Negro doesn't run from the subway at the very first stop. Expertly played by Al Freeman, Jr., the Negro is bemused baffled, hurt, enraged and finally uses the only weapon he has—a tongue-lashing—to tell off the woman and all whites. And one is very definitely on his side in this terrifying movie.

The main trouble with the picture, however, is that its producer, Gene Persson, and director, Anthony Harvey, should have decided if they were making a realistic film or relating an allegory about the conflict between blacks and whites. Jones' play may have worked on the stage, but in the realistic movie medium, the woman's behavior is so neurotic that she obviously belongs in an asylum. At the finale, after the Negro has become her victim, the girl is seen eying another young Negro and will no doubt pursue another near-seduction and murder. If Jones' script, which follows the original play, is meant to be a parable, then the realism and Shirley Knight's performance are all wrong. I suppose Jones is saying that the whites are out to destroy all Negroes. None of the other passengers on the subway comes to the Negro's aid. Besides its message about Negro-white incompatibility, "Dutchman" is also decrying man's lack of concern for his fellow man. Its themes deserve the attention of moviegoers. I wish they had been better stated.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

NANCY PRICE

MILK WEED

School doors have closed on my last child
with the sound of other doors that are shutting: night
frost reaps the meadows, the once mild
clouds scud blue in a hard light.

I walk home through stubble of milk weeds;
the pods, stripped of their flosses, stand ajar,
lined with their tender silk. When spring breeds
green, they will shrivel down to a scar
on April. Each pod gapes like my hand,
closing on no small fingers now. I go
cold away from fields where the milk weeds stand
waiting to cradle snow.

BOOKS

Poetry, evolution, Teilhard and McLuhan

In the Human Grain

WALTER J. ONG, S.J.

Macmillan, \$5.95

PHILIP DEASY

In his introduction to this collection of eleven essays, Father Ong notes that they "all have to do in one way or another with aspects of the human condition" . . . with "the temporal and material ground in which the human being finds himself imbedded and which enter into the grain of his consciousness and person." Thus, the title of the collection, *In the Human Grain*, and thus, such factitious unity having been imposed, is yet another book stitched together from previous writings, "papers" for various occasions and on various subjects. All these studies were separately published, with one exception, in the 1960's.

The exception is the concluding essay, "The Lady and the Issue," written in 1951 and subsequently published in no fewer than four periodicals (one English, one German, one French, and one American). It is an eloquent apologia of the doctrine of the Assumption, occasioned by the protest which that doctrine aroused outside the Church. In a special prefatory note, Father Ong admits that if he were writing on the same issue in our more ecumenical time, he would be less "stark" and more "irenic." Readers who are still ruminating over Charles Davis's stated reasons for leaving the Church, including his reference to the Assumption, and on the recent symposium in *Commonweal* on the woman intellectual should find Father Ong's 1951 comments particularly interesting.

A more unifying approach to this collection than the facile generalization about the human condition may be found in Father Ong's profound belief that the process of evolution, cosmic and organic, is "the central discovery

in the Western world since Renaissance times," one that should rank "as one of the greatest achievements of the human mind." It is this belief that provides a sense of history as "a sense of the present as growing out of a past with which we are in some kind of verifiable contact, and a sense that the present differs from the past with which it connects and that the future will differ from present and past."

Such a sense of the present explains the emphasis on modern literature in the colleges and universities, a point elaborated in the essay, "Synchronic Present: Modernity in Literary Study." Contact with the past, and bringing that knowledge to bear on the present, has led to a knowledge explosion, particularly in the anthropological sciences or "humanities" in the larger sense. It is the evolutionary sense that sees the breakthrough in our day to an oral-aural culture as a more personalizing and therefore more human culture than one dominated by writing and printing. Genuine twentieth-century alertness recognizes that history never really repeats itself, that the sense of recurrence and the sense of cyclism in human affairs must be displaced.

Failure to make such displacement Father Ong sees as the major crisis of the modern poet. Instead of communicating back to modern society one of its deepest insights, that of a sense of historical time and its drive into future fulfillment, the poet still drifts into cyclism or into the isolated aesthetic moment, "the epiphany." Like the myth-makers of old he still flees from the terrors of linear time. Of all the modern and near-modern poets analyzed in the study, "Evolution Myth and Poetic Vision" (among others, Whitman, Crane, Pound, Eliot, Williams and Hopkins) only Gerard Manley Hopkins is seen as informed by a truly evolutionary time sense. "If to a degree," Father Ong concludes, "the modern world has rejected the poet, the poet also often has

rejected the modern world because it demands a reorganization of his sensibility which is utterly terrifying."

Father Ong is thoroughly consistent in his conviction that what is most needed in Catholic intellectual and educational circles today is "a real cosmology," "a philosophy and theology which see man in the full time perspectives of the universe we know, and which talk about him habitually in these perspectives." If Nietzsche had had a real cosmology he wouldn't have proclaimed the death of God. What he did, as Father Ong explains in the essay, "Post-Christian or Not," was to confuse an Aristotelian-Ptolemaic cosmology with Christianity itself. To the statement of Cleanth Brooks that with "the break-up of the Christian synthesis, nature and history tended to fall apart," Father Ong warns about imputing to past ages either a valid Christian synthesis or even a moderately good synthesis. Only a false synthesis can be built on a false cosmology. In the essay, "Religion, Scholarship and the Resuscitation of Man," he recalls a conversation with Father Teilhard de Chardin. "*Humanisme*," said Father Teilhard, "*c'est fini*." But to Teilhard, humanism was the attempt to catch the world-vision of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century man. Father Ong rejects that kind of "humanism" too. "Any synthesis must be a creation of its own time."

In a recent *New York Times Magazine* article, Marshall McLuhan, a friend of Father Ong, is quoted as saying, "Most clear writing is a sign that there is no exploration going on. Clear prose indicates the absence of thought." Readers of *In the Human Grain* will surely dissent. Here is much exploration, profound thought, awesome learning and at no expense of clarity, interest and excitement. "The cosmos," Father Ong assures us, "can be seen truly as an event, a happening. It is something 'going on.' " In the cosmos, in short, is where the action is.

The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge

EDIT. PETER SCHWED

Simon and Schuster, \$5.95

GERALD WEALES

Malcolm Muggeridge is presumably a selling name, an advertisable presence for any magazine which prints him. Yet, his name on a cover elicits in me an inevitable response, a mixture of distaste and boredom. When *TV Guide* proclaimed that Muggeridge, "a British wit," was going to hold forth in its pages on "Is Anyone Really Listening?", I muttered, "Not Muggeridge again," and "Who cares what he thinks about television," and tossed the magazine aside. When I finally got around to reading the article more than a month later, driven to it by duty not pleasure, I found that it was standard Muggeridge, a neatly written piece mixing personal reminiscence and doubtful generalization and coming to quite ordinary conclusions—that television is no more culturally underweight than the other popular media and that it makes no difference in any case because, although the sets are on, probably no one is listening. His position is debatable, but it is hardly startling.

How could the prospect of so innocuous an article have called forth so strong a negative reaction in me? I felt that I ought somehow to answer that question before I began to read this collection of what Muggeridge considers his most readable magazine pieces. Somewhere just beyond the mutter-and-toss reaction to the Muggeridge name stands, barely perceivable, two images. The first is of Muggeridge and Jack Paar, side by side in white plastic egg-cup chairs. Paar wears his child-among-adults smile, half snickery, half fawning, and Muggeridge's expression is benignly condescending, the proper professional mask for a man who has just been flown at great expense from England to dispense the tidbits of wit, wisdom and irreverence which the late Alexander King established as the standard of intellection on the Paar show. I can hear no voices, so the mental picture must come from a still

photograph used to advertise a coming show which I never tuned in.

In the second image Muggeridge is present only by implication. It is the scene on the Channel steamer in *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, in which Alan and the Dog dance while the two journalists sing their insider's patter song in which everything is explained by being explained away: "They're in the racket, too!"

Although I found that I shared a number of Muggeridge's opinions and prejudices and that I was occasionally amused by his expression of them, nothing in *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge* could knock those two images out of my mind. In fact, the book is a kind of confirmation of the falsity implicit in them. Beginning with the introduction, an apology for having bothered to collect his journalism in the face of the fact that the written word has no effect on the world (Is Anyone Really Listening?), Muggeridge manages to say, in essay after essay, that he has devoted his life to an activity that is at best pointless, more often openly dishonest. Journalists, he tells us in "The Eye-Witness Fallacy," "are paid to deceive others," and the autobiographical material which fill many of *Most's* pages is entered as evidence. He describes how he and the other newsmen manufactured news when he was Moscow correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. Earlier, as an editorial writer on the *Guardian*, he had quickly learned to get the "line" and to tap out "many an uplifting sentence." He became editor of *Punch* without "the faintest notion of how to set about editing it." His adventures with the BBC convinced him that "All the rhetoric, sycophancy, cowardice and fraud of a decomposing society has passed through its channels." In his youth he was briefly a lecturer in an Indian college, where, as he explains in "Ghosh!", he faked up lectures from a standard text, and during the second world war he was in Intelligence, where, presumably he was one of the "oddities, misfits and delinquents" drawn to that branch of the service. He specifically identifies himself with the "ideological drunks and bums of our time" who find a temporary

home in the pages of the *Observer*.

This might be amusing in a lively autobiography in which a happy cynic, an open and obvious grub-streeter, dished the dirt on himself and his associates. These bits of the Muggeridge past, however, are sprinkled through essays which make specific and sometimes moralistic points about our society. His cavalier pose ends by crippling his work, stylistically and substantively. Any writer who collects his occasional pieces is bound to face the danger of repetition, but the frequency with which Muggeridge displays his King Charles's heads suggests that they have become journalistic shortcuts for him, easy indications of Muggeridge disfavor which are as recognizable to us as the tag lines of popular comedians.

Thus, he can drag in T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, the Webbs, the BBC, Queen Victoria and John Brown, Eng. Lit., Lady Chatterley's father (the list is much longer) to indicate stuffiness, hypocrisy, conventionality, the target of the moment. Another of his favorite devices is to upend a familiar quotation ("Great was it in that time to be alive, but to be old was very heaven"), an amusing enough practice which, like his repetition of names and favorite words ("womanizer"), begins to seem like a crutch, one which collapses under him in his *Esquire* piece on Churchill in which he explains himself, afraid that his American audience will not know "Land of Hope and Glory."

The famed Muggeridge wit is a little suspect. It is at its best in a review like "Ghosh!" in which he sustains a single tone throughout. Almost throughout, that is, for even there he breaks a line for a needling and needless gag: "literary whimsicality went out with A. A. Milne, Sir James Barrie and E. V. (or, for that matter, F. L.) Lucas." More often what passes for wit is a marshaling of abusive descriptive words. This is presumably supposed to be a witty and valid comment on the failure of the Four Freedoms: "Roosevelt with his large expanse of sirloin countenance, neon-lit; Churchill, British-warmed, fur hat rakishly awry, cigar rakishly jutting; and Stalin with his wary, slit eyes,

staring like some Mongolian shepherd at a distant prospect, brooding on loot and murder and vast metal statues of himself. . ."

The greatest weakness of the essays is that Muggeridge continually cites himself as a witness to the events and personalities of our time without recognizing that his confessions disqualify him. He is so convincing when he pictures himself as a journalistic charlatan that he can only raise a tired smile when he insists, as he does in almost every article and review, that he was there, that he knew the subject when. His most ludicrous use of this technique comes in his review of *Eros Denied* in which he confounds Wayland Young by quoting a prostitute that he once knew well. His clumsiest use of it is in "The Eye-Witness Fallacy," in which he explains at length that reporters on the spot cannot and will not tell the truth and then, in attacking Walter Duranty's 1932 anti-famine dispatches from Russia, says blithely, "I saw it myself."

Muggeridge, however, is not simply a literary gamesman. Behind his professional strip-tease there lies a kind of world view which may explain his attitude to his own work. For him, quackery is inevitable in the face of the stupidity and the cupidity around us. "Television was not invented to make human beings vacuous, but is an emanation of their vacuity." "Judges know better than most on which side their bread is buttered and can be relied on to follow, if not to anticipate, the wishes of their paymasters." When he uses the insane asylum as a metaphor for our social system, he does so as an inmate—albeit a reluctant one—and not, as Ibsen did in *Peer Gynt*, with the suggestion that there is a place to stand outside those walls.

Muggeridge makes aborted attempts at positive statements but he has little capacity for that kind of writing. He does suggest at one point that he did once believe in what he was doing, but he is so convinced that the intellectual has to be wrong in the long run that he wants to escape from what he calls the "egghead fallacy," the assumption that imaginative ends can be reached by the

exercise of will, that love can be found through power. "There is nothing serious under the sun except love of fellow mortals and of God," he says in the introduction. "Everything is ridiculous save ecstasy. So, at any rate, I should like to think and feel and write during such years as remain."

Yet, he cannot write of love and ecstasy. His celebrations of love are only attacks on sensuality. His evocations of friendship, as in the pieces on Hugh Kingsmill and Claud Cockburn, are at the expense of all the "others." His admiration for certain literary works can only come through obliquely, as in "Shakespeare Rides Again," which begins by guying the Quatercentenary celebrations and ends by putting down the playwright himself.

I ended *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge* with a third image elbowing its way alongside the other two. In Christopher Davis's new suspense novel *The Shamir of Dachau* there is a scene in which an anti-Semitic boy desecrates the graves in a Jewish cemetery, painting the stones with the usual obscenities, but adding, to illustrate his uncertain grasp of foreign languages, one word in French (*merde*) and one in English (*love*). Muggeridge, who thinks that a satirist ought to be a kind of Thersites, has more legitimate targets than Davis's anti-Semite but he shares the boy's confusion about what ought to be chalked on the walls.

The Race War

RONALD SEGAL

Viking, \$6.50

PETER RITNER

The theme of *The Race War* is thin and familiar, if irrefutable. It is that there is a painful coincidence in the boundaries of wealth and color in the modern world. The nations which possess automobiles and ice-cream, space-crafts and Nobel Prizewinners, orange juice and intrauterine devices—these nations are mainly white. The nations which suffer from bilharzia and feudal landlords, flies and exhausted soils and pawky mineral resources, bitter histories

and bitterer presents—these nations are mostly non-white. The cosmic injustice of the scheme is as self-evident as anything can be, and Segal devotes himself, in his insufferable hectoring monotone, to demonstrating that the injustice is the fault of the "West," that the West must feel guilty about it, and—but here he turns very vague—that the West must do something about it.

By far the greater part of the book is occupied by a grim, leaden *tour d'horizon* of a world victimized by that ravening wolf in the doleful story of man, the "West." The Slave Trade, the Opium Wars, Leopold II and the Congo Free State, sadistic Mississippi sheriffs, Pizarro and the murder of the Inca, imperialists in Bengal, colonialist savagery in Algeria, capitalist connivance in Santo Domingo, rapacious egotism and cultural purblindness, moral opacity and obliquity:—these crimes, sources and occasions of crime, and many many more like them, perpetrated by the West upon frailer societies to the east and south, these frightful sins have brought mankind to the present pass where all frontiers, distinctions, and faiths will soon be swallowed up in a "world-wide clash of white and non-white"—the subtitle of the Segal book.

Segal adverts almost never at all to the blood-smoking alleys of Benin, the skull-pyramid at Bokhara, the unbelievable massacre of 100,000-plus which took place in Indonesia only a year ago, the devastations of Chaka the Zulu, the anti-Indian legislation in today's Kenya, the Mahratta and Apache raiders, or the current fabulous Cultural Revolution in China—these being phenomena which cannot be blamed on the West, however you choose to evaluate them. Phenomena which go to prove, if they prove anything, that all men are true brothers in the sense that those characters who help to make life nasty, brutish, ugly, and short belong to all nations, all races, all times.

Because Segal's prime drive is to make "Westerners" feel guilty where guilt-feelings are fatuous and irrelevant even if they are justified, and where their justification is far from the plain question Segal would make it, his approach,

and consequently this book, is worthless rubbish. The most scarifying recital of the doings of Leopold II, or Warren Hastings, does not put us in the businesslike frame of mind appropriate to the real-life challenges of the Congo and of India—their people, their resources, their management of the twentieth century. Because Russia has funk'd her mission of permanent international arsonist—her citizens now perversely hoping, after hundreds of years of various kinds of mis-government, to live out their lives in a little security and ease—Segal can only threaten us with China as the bandmaster, Big Brother, and bogeyman of the non-white world which must rise to engulf the guilty paleface. But he put down his pen before the Chinese government began to cannibalize itself, so even the far-fetched attempt to panic the West by waving the Yellow Peril falls flat.

That many things are disastrously wrong with the rhythms of the Industrial Revolution in the twentieth century, in respect to the underdeveloped countries, no one denies. Obviously most non-white people of earth do not participate in the glories or the benefits of the controls, now coming so thick and fast, which man is discovering in nature and applying to her for his own conscious purposes. Around us on three great continents stand pools, probably growing pools, of human deprivation and stagnation which are intolerable, given the apparently adequate technological means of help now in the hands of the Western countries.

But these are profoundly serious and complex miseries, as our practical capacities to cope with them are profoundly qualified and compromised by the quiddities of human nature and society. They are not analyzed profitably in the harangues of precocious and irritating adolescents. We need a touch more of Burke, or Montaigne, or George Washington to season the busy ideological spellbinders and history-pushers of the past 150 years. We need men who understand that their fellow-men cannot be bullied or bribed into virtue or into common-sense. Above all, men who comprehend that the cause of most of

the trouble since the Renaissance, the intoxicants which science has given modern man, are their own sole potential antidote. That is:—experiment, labor, balance and precisions of thought, political decorum, openness of mind, healthy skepticism, respect for the amenities, decent suspension of judgment—all these qualities of spirit being sufficiently alien to human nature *per se*, and infinitely more alien to the nature of human groupings.

Nothing could be more foreign to the eschatology of Ronald Segal, who like every medicine-man is not interested in the risks of hard work but only in the idle, narcissistic babble of tearful confessing sinners. Of course he's on the side of the angels. But angels don't screech.

Pascal for our Time

ROMANO GUARDINI

Herder and Herder, \$6.50

DAVID BURRELL

We have here a study or rather a celebration of one of the great minds of that cerebral century, the seventeenth—and more than that, for Pascal was more than a seventeenth-century man. But he was first that, passionately in love with mind, and with mind, order. He could represent the *honnête homme* of the salon; could spar with Montaigne, yet push that critical wit a step further to discover a logic to the relativity of cultural forms.

Skeptical reason revels in its ability to upset established orders, and stops before itself, mirrored. But mind that surrenders to its own proper eros searches for, and creates, an order out of the ruins of establishment. For if modern mind no longer needs to ground itself in an order given, it must nonetheless itself order, and Pascal's treatment of culture neatly displays this intelligence creating within relativity. Speaking of social institutions, Guardini neatly summarizes Pascal's thought: "There is need of auxiliary constructions, intermediary formations which remain freely suspended: forms supported only through necessity and the will to live. They can only be inadequately justified, and ultimately cannot be justified at all.

Thus culture consists in the last analysis in seeing the sense of what is in itself indefensible, and in standing up for it."

But Guardini is not content with making summary points of Pascal's thought, however firmly drawn. He offers rather an analysis in the most dramatic Platonic manner: an analysis of Pascal that is a study of intelligence; an analysis of intellect that is a life of Pascal. For Pascal lived for understanding, and the turning points in his life embody stages in personal appropriation by way of understanding—a task which consumed the man inside of forty years. The stages Guardini marks are stages not merely of intellectual development but of spirit: from the pure logic of mathematics to the dialectical logic of the human condition, which brought him to face the religious question; from the religious question to a decision in favor of the "God of Jesus Christ"; and finally to a personal recognition of the demonic forces still operative in an intellect placed at the service of Christ—a recognition that liberated him on the threshold of death to live that newness of life already accepted at the stage of decision.

And the qualities of this progression mark the demands inquiring intelligence makes on itself—or on the person who submits to its eros. For each stage requires that one "let go," that he respect the intimations of inadequacy, and move out into the unknown. Understanding the human situation—especially confronting evil—demands that we let go of the patterned universe of mathematical discourse to cope with the more dialectical or tensive existence-in-conflict which is man. And facing up to the religious dimension in man makes us confront the scandal of Jesus Christ, and so let go of an abstract question to come to grips with ourselves, with a "God who makes us conscious of our inward wretchedness and his infinite mercy, who unites himself to our inmost soul, who fills it with humility and joy, with confidence and love, who renders us incapable of any other end than himself." Then begins the slow process of letting go of one's self to become the new self now acknowledged in Jesus.

What a psychological idiom casts in organic terms like "growth," conscious in-

quiry calls death and new life. And there is no other way for human intelligence to grope for God. Indeed here we find the path of specifically religious argument. Blazing that path consumed Pascal's logical ardor, and tracing it becomes the central task of Guardini's analytic study. Paradox is a favorite of religious thinkers and a scandal to logicians. Pascal, trained as a mathematician, was able to learn to employ paradox because he recognized the difference between a logic relating propositions and one guiding the internal movement implicit in paradoxical formulation. When the object sought is explicitly transcendent one cannot simply presume that anyone can naively follow a train of thought designed to lead to it. The knower himself must be reconstituted along the way. Paradox underlines this fact, opening the door to a kind of understanding that is personal realization as well—"and is only possible as the fruit of preceding acts, victories over oneself, exercises, developments."

The Incarnation, as the supreme paradox, is the only key to a knowledge of God free of idolatry. Pascal notes how "He was much more recognizable when he was invisible than after he made himself visible." God's own decision to reveal himself in so ambiguous a manner suggests the role of understanding in religious matters: to face man with a specific decision, one which will reveal him to himself as well as open him to the hidden ways of God. Pascal's famous wager ought to be considered as part of this overall attempt to develop a logic or religious inquiry and discourse. So too his reflections on the *heart* as a mode of knowing. The essay delivers us one who could tell us with authority that "man is infinitely more than man." And the translator deserves our gratitude for delivering an unusually clear Guardini.

Winds of Change

HAROLD MACMILLAN

Harper & Row, \$10

ANNE FREMANTLE

After he had accepted a junior post in Churchill's war ministry, Harold Macmillan kidded his great chief, telling

him: "Hitler made you Prime Minister and me an Under-Secretary. No power on earth, except Hitler, could have done either." Almost unknown outside Britain when he himself became Prime Minister, Macmillan's nickname in England was "Macmothballs." Certainly he was kept in mothballs by the Conservative Party, for he was a "back-bencher" for sixteen years, from 1924 when he was first elected as Member of Parliament for Stockton, until 1940. Seventeen years later, four days after Eden's resignation, Macmillan took over the number one job, and remained in office for nearly seven years, from 1957 to October 1963.

Thus, as he himself puts it, "my personal entanglement . . . began by being small, and ended by being substantial." He began to write this first volume of his memoirs on the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of World War I. This war, he writes "marks the beginning of that revolution which, spread over fifty years, is the subject of my story." *Winds of Change* covers the years between Queen Victoria's jubilee and the outbreak of World War II. Fifty years ago, the "great European nations still enjoyed the traditions or cherished the hopes of imperial power." Today a liberated Europe is "impoverished, partitioned, her relative power, moral and material, . . . gravely reduced." Britain, too, from the leading creditor nation of the capitalist world has become, after two world wars, "a constant and embarrassed debtor." On the plus side, Mr. Macmillan considers that there has developed, in contrast to the "excessive individualism" of the nineteenth century, a "sense of collective responsibility more akin to medieval ideals." That today an archbishop can speak of Communism as a Christian heresy reveals for Macmillan the distance traversed since English children piously sang in church of "the rich man in his castle the poor man at his gate" both placed in their respective positions by Almighty God "who ordered their estate."

Mr. Macmillan was, although a good party man, something of a maverick during his long Parliamentary career. His constituency, Stockton, was for over

a decade scheduled as a "distressed area," and Mr. Macmillan always opposed free-trade, even when it was one of the strongest planks of his party, and inclined to Keynesian economics long before they became generally accepted. He confesses that ". . . very often the transition from a few days at Stockton among my poor unemployed, to the various degrees of comfort and wealth which we all either commanded or enjoyed, left me with a growing sense of the great gulf." But he can find no praise for any member of the Labor Party, except for Ramsay MacDonald who ratted from it; the liberal Lloyd George is one of his heroes, and he does much to rehabilitate that wily Welshman. Of Churchill, Macmillan says he was never a party man, and quotes him as saying, when William Jowitt defected to Labor: "He did it the wrong way. If he had come to me, I would have explained to him the technique of tergiversation." Macmillan considers that Churchill's reliance on the extreme right in the thirties injured his position with the party as a whole, while on Indian and imperial affairs he appeared to hold reactionary and impractical views.

Macmillan was a life-long and devoted friend of Monsignor Ronald Knox. He admits he was tempted to follow him when he left the Anglican for the Roman Church. He was also tempted to work for Oswald Mosley's New Party in the thirties, but, wiser than Harold Nicolson, did not do so, as he saw that "the traditional political parties were far too strongly entrenched for any separatist movement of the kind Mosley had launched to be successful." Macmillan admired Eden and Duff Cooper tremendously, and quotes from many of the admirable speeches made by these two brave men, who both resigned on matters of principle. Since Macmillan was not in office, he had only his seat from which to resign. After the Hoare-Laval pact he wrote to Baldwin and told him "it would perhaps be more satisfactory if I was no longer regarded as being among the official supporters of the present administration."

At that time Harold Nicolson went

further, and told the House of Commons he had spent sleepless nights wondering if he should resign his seat. Yet neither man did so, though on one occasion both abstained from voting with their party. Macmillan admits that abstaining "is not perhaps a very courageous Parliamentary gesture." But in the 1931 election, Macmillan had nobly offered to stand down if the Labor Member would join the National Labor party. "I held my breath," Macmillan writes. "What if he should turn out a patriot? Luckily he proved a loyal partisan, and I was not called upon to make this great sacrifice." Only about Europe has Macmillan real regrets, which he admits, still haunt him, and he offers what he describes as excuses, rather than valid reasons, for not resigning when Eden, the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade and the Treasury were all hostile to England's joining in the preliminary talks which led to the Treaty of Rome—which Treaty Macmillan thinks was a Good Thing.

Macmillan describes the demobilization riots after World War I when at Grove Park there was an attempt to form a soldiers' council. He was a Conservative member during the General Strike of 1926, which like all the great industrial disputes of the era, was brought about by the reduction of wages. He acquiesced in the Conservative rejection in 1924 of the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes which had been accepted by the League of Nations, and in the genesis and passing of the Trade Disputes Act of 1927 which declared sympathetic

REVIEWS

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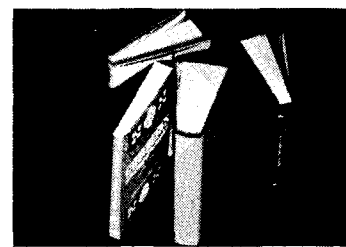
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strikes illegal, and was only repealed by the Labor Government of 1945. He tells how Neville Chamberlain, after 11½ million Britons had voted in a League of Nations Union ballot for the imposition of sanctions on Italy, wrote contemptuously of "the League of Nations Union cranks." And he gives the whole inside story of the Eden-Chamberlain rift.

Macmillan is at his most interesting when he is most personal, as about his dour, Scots middle-class childhood, with two older brothers, of one of whom he writes. "But we were fond of each other and quarrelled incessantly." He attributes to a childhood feeling of being oppressed by some mysterious power that would surely get him in the end, an anxiety lest he might do something wrong or commit some solecism, that has pursued him through his life. After seven years of Premiership he felt before Parliamentary questions as men "feel before a race or a battle." And about battles he knew plenty. He was at the battles of Loos, Ypres and the Somme, surviving (just) four years of war, though gravely wounded several times. Once, wounded in the right knee and left thigh, he rolled into a shell-hole. When German soldiers passed he feigned dead; then he read intermittently from Aeschylus' *Prometheus*, in Greek, a play "I knew very well" that "seemed not inappropriate to my position." Rescued eventually after he had dismissed his stretcher-bearers and was alone in the dark he comments:

"Fear, not to say panic, seized me." He realized that "courage is mainly, if not wholly, the result of vanity or pride. . . . Now it was all over. I was alone and nobody could see me. There was no need to keep up appearances, and I was very frightened."

He survived, however, to marry the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. His description of Chatsworth between the wars, with some 150 members of the family, their maids, nannies, grooms and ponies gathered together, is entirely delightful.

He has unexpected reactions. When his eldest daughter came home with a piglet, he found it "clean, intelligent,

and in every way a desirable pet" and dove into their swimming pool to save its life. In Russia, he found Soviet legalization of abortion—over 20,000 abortions performed a year—"a peculiar, and perhaps less attractive" side of Soviet welfare. In general, he found his somewhat unorthodox views better appreciated by his in-laws than by his ambitious American mother, since "if I held odd views on politics and economics . . . so had Uncle this and Cousin that. It was all in the Whig tradition."

He quotes, verbatim, almost every letter he ever wrote to *The Times*, too many of his own speeches and too many election addresses. Except for those from Hansard, his quotations are all from secondary works, and he gives no bibliography. But there has been, to date, no such apologia for the mesmerized years between the Hoare-Laval pact and the outbreak of World War II which gives in such grim detail the whole horrid story of "while England slept."

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 3)

ability to make a coherent statement on birth control must be chalked up to prudential wisdom rather than to the formidable fear that such pronouncement may very well disprove Papal infallibility? If Popes, bishops, and priests cannot teach, guide, and inspire us, then their positions are no more than sinecures. We do need authority, but authority that commands our respect instead of challenging our powers of rationalization. We don't have that kind of authority at present, and no mumbo-jumbo about God's mysterious ways will get it for us.

Of course, it might be contended that the present hierarchical structure is fine, but that the individuals who constitute the hierarchy are just not the most talented group around (have you noticed with what ease we apply the term "outstanding" to those bishops who are merely doing their jobs properly?). But I am inclined to think that the structure itself

is by no means above critical examination, since it is conceivable that a correlation exists between the kind of structure that shapes authority and the kind of mentality that gives expression to this authority. Maybe not, but it's worth looking into.

Daniel Callahan's observation that "we have been woefully remiss in attempting to understand the psychological and social function of religion in general and of Catholic belief and practice in particular" needs to be juxtaposed with the bewilderment of the clerical reformers who want "to at least give the people a choice among new and old spiritual attractions" and who are discouraged because "hardly anybody comes to anything." Well, you can be sure that the uninspired crowd is going to Mass on Sunday—because they have to. And that gives us a clue to our tragically distorted view of community.

The general run of Catholics has responded to renewal with a mixture of relief and resentment. Relief, because the rigidity and multiplicity of trivial imperatives are a thing of the past; resentment, because such imperatives *were* an essential part of one's previous orientation. But if the resentment outweighs the sense of relief, as I think is the case, then the problem is that there has been no transformation of the Catholic collectivity into a Christian community.

It is not enough to give people "a choice among new and old spiritual attractions" when they are denied the *basic* freedom to choose the manner in which they express their sense of community. Martin Buber perceptively notes in *Between Man and Man* that "Collectivity is not a binding but a bundling together: individuals packed together, armed and equipped in common, with only as much life from man to man as will inflame the marching step." So we huddle together on Sunday, sing the hymns, pray in English, and anxiously hope that the sermon won't be too insipid or embarrassing. We stand (or sit or kneel) side by side united in the common fear that to do less is to do great harm to our immortal souls. Meanwhile, back in the parish parking lot, the symbols of our mobility stand in mocking tribute to our desper-

ate gesture of solidarity, a gesture that permits us to go our separate ways totally assured that no matter how little we contribute to the world, we are saved.

Being side by side is the mark of collectivity, whereas being *with* one another is the essence of community. Collectivity makes extrinsic demands, and the response to these demands is both positive and minimal. Community makes intrinsic demands, and these self-imperatives signify both one's freedom of choice and the implications of such freedom for oneself and others. The strength of any community depends on the kind of response it gets from its members, and the community forged in maximum freedom allows for maximum response, which does not mean that it will always get such total commitment, but *it leaves the way open to such response*.

Yes, yes, we're all sinners and probably many of us left to our own devices would say to hell with community and would wallow in our own petty interests. But a human authority that presumes such response and *forces* community on people is doing the equivalent of squaring circles. Specifically, the obligation to ritualize community spirit through Sunday Mass is an admission that a sense of community does not exist; the obligation is foolish because it attempts to elicit an act of faith by grounding it in a lack of trust.

Basic to the problems of authority and community is that the plea for honesty in the Church merely stimulates us to seek out comforting words for the same old disturbing ideas, with the result that we kid ourselves into believing that we have grasped what is permanent in our faith. We start with an intuition, perceive an obstacle, become afraid, and then attempt to suffocate this fear through verbalization. Moreover, this penchant for word play is, I suspect, symbolically mocked in the Latin-become-English liturgy, a transformation intended to make the liturgy understandable in the hope that people will equate what is understandable with what is necessary. I wonder how many people are willing to accept the equation, or even care about it.

I'm not so much interested in pushing

revolution as I am in pleading for a cautiousness based on courage and a willingness to leap when stumbling along just won't do. However sympathetic one might be to the psychological problems related to violent shifts in orientation, the severest jolt of all may well be the painful awareness that Catholicism has yet to see the light of day, and some of us may not be around to celebrate its birth.

THOMAS F. MADER

Arguing Abortions

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: You remark in your editorial, "Abortion and Pluralism" (Feb. 24) that a defeat of the Blumenthal bill that was due principally to Catholic opposition would not be a setback for pluralism. Without arguing about the word, pluralism, can we not agree that it would be a setback for the dialogue we have all been talking about for so long?

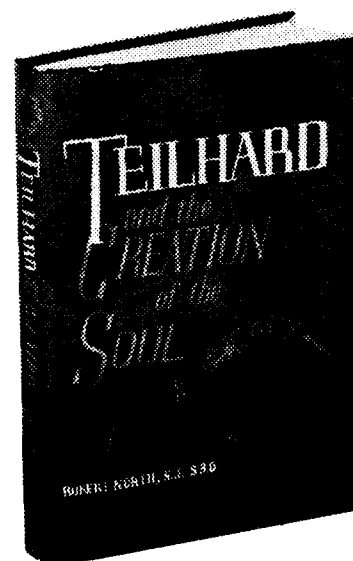
The immediate issue is not the morality of abortion; what is in question is whether or not it would promote the public welfare to modify the present law, whether along the lines of the Blumenthal bill or in some other way. That is why it seems to me you miss the point as you "sort out" the question.

You argue that there is nothing objectionable in Catholics' acting as a pressure group so long as they do it in the proper way. Agreed, but why has it become necessary for Catholics to act as a group? Why are our consciences, in a matter of public policy, so at variance with the consciences of Protestants, Jews, agnostics and atheists? If we had been talking *with* rather than *at* one another for the last several years, I doubt that we should now divide as neatly as seems to be the case.

It is not a matter, as Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr. seems to suggest, of Catholics' "coercing" the consciences of non-Catholics; it is rather, or should be, a matter of joining with our fellow citizens in making a political decision.

Many well-informed citizens, among them Senators Javits and Kennedy, think the abortion law should be liberalized. I have seen a good many *state-*

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ments, but, as you remark, no arguments at all. And yet surely in a matter of this sort the first thing to be done is not count votes but to consult with one another, to reason together. This is just what is not being done and I should like now to be so bold as to request *Commonweal* to open its columns to proponents of the present bill so that they can talk and be talked back to. Surely a decent respect for the opinions of their constituents would persuade our State legislators as well as our Senators in Washington not only to heed but to participate in such a debate.

There are those who feel that certain matters are too delicate to be discussed frankly in public; if this is agreed, then we must admit that we no longer pay even lip service to the notion of government by the people, but prefer instead government by elites who will act for our good. I hope this is not so but if it is we might for the sake of frankness stop talking about democracy.

THOMAS CURLEY

Toronto, Ont.

To the Editors: In the language (but I hope not the spirit) of your editorial "Arguing Abortions," (Dec. 16) I find your article "Abortion and Pluralism" (Feb. 24) a trivial response to a serious question.

Having decided that the crux of the problem is whether a foetus is a human being, the article ends with the silly statement that "others" do not have the right to take a life—silly, because if the "others" shared your opinion that a foetus was a human being or might even possibly be a human being, they would agree with you. Why skirt the issue in a feeble exercise of rhetoric?

The issue of abortion is of particular interest to me as a Catholic lawyer in Canada with private and government activity in motion to liberalize the Canadian Criminal Code as it pertains to abortion (probably in a manner similar to the attempted liberalization of New York's abortion law). I share the Catholic liberal view that the law in Canada respecting abortion is oppressive to the conscience and dictates of many in our community who do not subscribe to the

traditional Catholic position on abortion.

I am the more strengthened in my views on the matter when such inept arguments are made against the "pluralistic" viewpoint as contained in your article.

Assuming that a foetus is not a human being, then logically we proceed with the "others" that there should be no laws whatsoever against abortion. There is no dilemma, except the one manufactured by you. I suggest that the supporters of the status quo are the ones who demand a serious reason for abortion rather than the "others."

There is a middle position, however. If it is assumed that a foetus is not a human being, or even possibly a human being, but is a potential human being, the state (even in a Communist state I suggest) would have a legitimate public interest in encouraging the development of a potential being, rather than discouraging it (see Norman St. John-Stevas, "Abortion Laws," November 11, 1966). However, the test to be applied (proceeding on the assumptions of the "others") would be the same as judging any activity as desirable or undesirable.

In your treatment of the morality of the issue, you conclude simply that abortion is "wrong" (which should take some award or other for an all-time low for articulate expression) and "unnecessary." I question your last conclusion in instances such as (a) rape, (b) incest involving young children, and (c) serious medical hazard to mothers-to-be.

You ask "If we now make room for the conscience of others on birth control and divorce legislation, on what possible ground can we draw the line at abortion?" I doubt whether in logic such a line can be drawn. Norman St. John-Stevas suggests there may be theological reasons for drawing such a line. I find nothing useful in your article in answer to the question.

PAUL J. COSGROVE

Vietnam and the Bishops

Lodi, Calif.

To the Editors: Robert McAfee Brown

was right. A very sad day for concerned persons when not a single American Catholic bishop could find either the time or, perhaps, the courage to give physical and moral witness to one of the most challenging moral dilemmas of our time: "Vietnam: The Clergyman's Dilemma." It takes a great deal of courage to stand before society and proclaim your Christianity and totally commit yourself to a stance unfavorable with the present policy of our Administration. Of our 250 bishops, I expect courage. The bishops lost a monumental opportunity to give me courage and millions of Americans like me who are aware of our own cowardice and look to our leaders for strength.

The bishops made it to Washington last November to frame a number of statements concerning a few of the social and moral issues we face today. On the subject of war and peace, the bishops covered the general moral principles adequately enough but failed to deal with the moral specifics of the Vietnam war, namely, bombing of North Vietnam, widespread use of napalm and other explosives in the killing or maiming of non-combatants, destruction of crops and production capacity, etc. We might have heard from the bishops if the American bombers were dropping contraceptives instead of bombs. What support have the bishops given to conscientious objectors for their heroic stance in protest of what is felt to be an utterly indefensible war on any grounds you care to name?

Like John the Baptist, Pope Paul must feel like a voice in the wilderness as far as the American Catholic bishops are concerned. Not one clear, unambiguous, prophetic voice from the bishops. I understand now that some bishops sent supportive letters or delegates. On an issue of this magnitude, the prophetic physical presence has no substitute. Christ exhausted His public ministry legging it from one end of Israel to the other to preach the gospel of love and peace. He probably would have been a lousy administrator but He had the courage to call a spade a spade.

Thank God for courageous men like Robert McAfee Brown and the other

2,500 clergy and laymen who believed the Vietnam war important enough to let everything else go, meet in Washington, and give witness there where the decisions to wage war or peace are made. Blessed are these peacemakers. As for my bishops—well, I suppose they were pretty busy tending the chancery store.

REID CERNEY

A Christian Approach

Storrs, Conn.

To the Editors: I found the article by Father Joseph Walsh ("Sex on Campus," Feb. 24) interesting but also, finally, rather disappointing in its inability to come to some meaningful conclusions about the Christian approach to extramarital sex. Since my own oldest children are now entering adolescence I am concerned about the advice they will be receiving in years to come.

The basic mistake of Father Walsh (and just about everyone else writing on this subject, it seems, especially rule-oriented Catholics) is to define sexual activity and sexuality as if they were synonyms. Not until we are able to see that sexuality as such is a basic component of human life which is at least residually present in every male-female relationship will we be able to understand it as the real God-given good that it is, an element in God's creation which is as natural, beautiful and valuable as the view from a mountain peak or the sound of waves on the shore. . . .

By setting absolute limits on extramarital coital behavior, Christian morality gives human beings the opportunity to explore and "play" with the other aspects of human relationships, to discover and enjoy all the ramifications of masculinity or femininity, intellectual and spiritual as well as physical. If, at the same time, "immoral" behavior is explained in terms of growth and maturity we ought to be able to free the adolescent from excessive guilt and confusion. Everyone knows that babies do a lot of falling before they learn to walk, but we don't thereby say that walking is not an absolute necessity for the development of the person.

The Church cannot wait until "some

future time . . . to step in and pick up the pieces or to stand back and learn something new." We must instead seize the present revolutionary moment to present to the world a dynamically Christian "new way of being human and sexual," a way which frees the spirit without negating the flesh, a way which can invigorate the souls and lives of human beings more magnificently than any doctrine of either total prohibition or "limited" indulgence. We need not get rid of chastity. We only need to explain what it really means.

RUTH B. MOYNIHAN

Archbishop Cardinale

Providence, R.I.

To the Editors: I deeply regret the remarks made about Archbishop Cardinale, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, in your issue of March 3 by John Leo in his "News and Views" and by the writer of the editorial, "The Corrupt Church." For Mr. Leo to speak of the archbishop as having "reacted violently" to the editorial of Father Herbert McCabe, O.P., in *New Blackfriars*, and to state that "representations were made to Rome," whereupon Father McCabe was dismissed as editor by the master general of the Dominicans, is equally unfair with the editorial writer who spoke of the "monumental blindness" of anyone saying, as the archbishop "was reported to have said"—and here it should be noted that he wrote with no certainty of the facts—that Father McCabe was "utterly immature and not enlightened in his judgment."

I should like to believe that at the time of writing neither Mr. Leo nor the editorial writer knew that the delegate had stated had he known in advance of the extreme action contemplated by the master general of the Dominicans, he felt certain he could have found a way to avoid it. But even had neither party at the time known of Archbishop Cardinale's statement, there would still be no warrant for speaking of a highly respected churchman in the terms used. One who has had ample opportunity to observe Britain's apostolic delegate at close range, namely, Desmond Fisher, former editor of the *Catholic Herald* of

Winners 1967 National Book Awards



fiction

BERNARD MALAMUD
The Fixer
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: John Hutchens, Mark Schorer, Anthony West

poetry

JAMES MERRILL
Nights and Days
Atheneum
Judges: W. H. Auden, James Dickey, Howard Nemerov

arts and letters

JUSTIN KAPLAN
Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain
Simon and Schuster
Judges: Saul Maloff, Lon Tinkle, Aileen Ward

history and biography

PETER GAY
The Enlightenment: An Interpretation
Alfred A. Knopf
Judges: James MacGregor Burns, Leon Edel, C. Vann Woodward

science, philosophy and religion

OSCAR LEWIS
La Vida
Random House
Judges: Hannah Arendt, John Cogley, Gregory Vlastos

translation

Of a Classic Work:
WILLARD TRASK
History of My Life,
by Giacomo Casanova
Harcourt, Brace & World — A Helen
and Kurt Wolff Book
Of a Contemporary Work:
GREGORY RABASSA
Hopscotch, by Julio Cortázar
Pantheon
Judges: William Arrowsmith,
Clarence Brown,
Stanley Burnshaw

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of \$1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, and the National Translation Center.

London, in a rather bleak picture of English Catholicism at the present time singles out Archbishop Cardinale for special commendation when he says: "Another great bulwark of the *aggiornamento* in England is the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cardinale, whose tactful encouragement and diplomatic ability have been major factors in reconciling impatient progressives to the slow progress of the renewal movement." ["The Church in England Today, *The Critic* February-March, 1967, p. 17].

Offhand and ill-tempered remarks of the kind used in the *Commonweal* of March 3 give a handle to ultra-conservative minds in picturing this admirable journal of opinion as nothing more than the irresponsible organ of a group of left-wing laymen. If prelates like Archbishop Cardinale, who enjoy a merited reputation for open-mindedness and for the very best features of the *aggiornamento*, are not to be given the benefit of the doubt in circumstances where the facts have not been clearly established as in the McCabe case, how can one expect that *Commonweal* will escape the unpleasant charge that its writers are heedless of the consequences of their own words?

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

Catholic Reading Guide

Jamaica, N.Y.

To the Editors: The opening paragraph of *A Guide To Catholic Reading* states "there is a lively difference of opinion among authors as to whether any introduction is ever read." It seems to us that Mr. Thomas P. McDonnell's review (Feb. 10) would indicate that he did not read this particular introduction. As is stated early in the Introduction, *A Guide To Catholic Reading* is specifically designed for the general reader and not for the scholar. He has reviewed the *Guide* according to his own concept of what the *Guide* should be rather than as delineated by the authors.

Also the Introduction points out that this is a personal selection, and that some readers will be disappointed at not finding particular favorites listed. As was his right, Mr. McDonnell disagreed with some of the selections and deplored the

fact that certain authors were omitted. Obviously this disagreement is a matter of personal choice. Of concern is the fact that many of the authors Mr. McDonnell cites so voluminously as "musts" for inclusion are authors of such esoteric appeal as to preclude their inclusion in a work designed for the readership of *A Guide To Catholic Reading*. Indeed the experience of the senior author of the *Guide* in lecturing, as editor of two popular book clubs, as editor of the two most widely-read Catholic paperback series in the world, and as a book editor for several decades would indicate that inclusion of many of these authors suggested by Mr. McDonnell would frighten away the very people this *Guide* hopes to encourage to further reading. Incidentally, many of the books Mr. McDonnell would like included are out of print though the Introduction specifically states that out-of-print books would not be included in the *Guide*.

As a matter of personal choice, Mr. McDonnell is entitled to claim *The Loved One* as the best of Evelyn Waugh's works as against the *Guide's* choice of *Brideshead Revisited*. But this is again a matter of opinion and we maintain that the authors' opinion is as valid as Mr. McDonnell's in this case.

For some reason, Mr. McDonnell thinks the *Guide* calls Father Gardiner "the foremost American literary critic of our time"; but it does not say this. What the *Guide* says is that Father Gardiner was "the foremost American Catholic literary critic of our time" which is quite different. The sense in which this description is used is the fact that for years Harold C. Gardiner, as literary editor of *America*, was indeed the foremost Catholic literary critic in the United States. Again this is a matter of opinion but again the authors' opinion is as valid as Mr. McDonnell's. And finally we are puzzled by Mr. McDonnell's statement that there is no reference to the Westminster version of the New Testament since there is a third of a page devoted to the Westminster version of the Bible in the *Guide*.

But above all what we would like to emphasize is that Mr. McDonnell has completely misunderstood the purpose,

function and audience of *The Guide To Catholic Reading* and has reviewed a book that he feels should be written but is simply not the book in question; nor did the authors ever propose to write his book. *The Guide To Catholic Reading* should have been reviewed according to the limits clearly delineated in the Introduction, not as Mr. McDonnell conceived it to be.

JOHN J. DELANEY

JACK F. BERNARD

Vietnam Statistics

Ft. Collins, Colo.

To the Editor: On the news that we're killing seven times as many civilians as the Viet Cong ("News and Views," Feb. 17) one is reminded of a very maternal elephant who is trying to stamp out a weasel harassing a hen-yard. The hens finally ask her to stop, since she is finishing off way more hens than the weasel is. She responds in a hurt voice, "But the weasel's killings are *deliberate* . . . I mean well . . ."

DANIEL LYONS

Correction

Mobile, Ala.

To the Editors: In Donald P. Gray's perceptive review of *Vatican II: An Interfaith Appraisal* and *The Word in History* (Feb. 24), the heading gives T. Patrick Burke as the editor of the former, John H. Miller, C.S.C. as the editor of the latter. Actually, John H. Miller, C.S.C. edited *Vatican II: An Interfaith Appraisal* and T. Patrick Burke edited *The Word in History*.

S. Y. WATSON, S. J.

"The Christian Image"

Rome, Italy

To the Editors: In reply to Miss Janik's letter (Jan. 20) re my review of *The Christian Image* by Justus George Lawler (Dec. 9):

Had it seemed desirable to sacrifice a portion of the very brief space allotted for analysis of the book, I should certainly have indicated the original publication of these essays for the sources themselves are not without interest. But there are so many! Indeed I can only say

I was relieved to see that they had not appeared in the *Sewanee Review*, *Philological Quarterly*, *P.M.L.A.*, or *Ladies Home Journal*. Yet I am not such a pessimist as to conclude that among Mr. Lawler's auditors at those scholarly meetings there were not some—perhaps even a considerable number—who fully appreciated his contribution to the occasion. After all, many of them still remember teaching freshmen composition or, as I believe it is termed in certain American Universities, Communication Skills.

The basis of our misunderstanding however lies in the application of the word hysteria, which Miss Janik employs rhetorically in her letter and which I employ in a narrowly clinical sense in my review. Hysteria in itself (as any American observer in the 1950's and 60's could report) is not a diverting spectacle. Repressed hysteria, which I suggest provides the apparent medium in this book emerges in a curious dislocation of the rational properties of language. I quoted as fully as possible, but evidence of Mr. Lawler's unintentionally comic genius abounds on every page.

CAROL JOHNSON

Christian Worship

Gambier, Ohio

To the Editors: I wonder if you would allow me a word of reply to the rather devastating and, I believe, terribly unfair review of my book *History of Christian Worship* by the Benedictine Father R. K. Seasoltz, in your January 27th issue.

It is perfectly proper for a reviewer not to like a book and to say so candidly, but hopefully he will support his view with sound opinion and fact. This is not the case with Father Seasoltz' review in which he relies upon invective, sarcasm, and the picking apart of minor points in order to substantiate his dislike of the book.

For example, it appears the reviewer's chief criticism is that he does not believe a popular book can be written on the history of worship; thus he writes, "One is tempted to say that a matter so complicated as the history of Western liturgy defies popularization." Actually

I wrote this book because I do not believe in such a narrowly intellectualized view. Father Seasoltz implies that generalizations and the broad sweep are part of the reason for his hostility toward a popular treatment. Yet he never specifically faults *any* of my generalizations, main points, or sweeping analysis. He does not in any way challenge the main thesis of the book, that the development and then disintegration of Christian corporate worship were mainly caused by the development of theological doctrines which tended to inhibit the laity from participation in, and understanding of, corporate worship.

Rather, through the use of broad sarcastic statements he claims the whole book is full of error and distortion of fact. But to support this generalization he takes six minor points in the book which he claims are erroneous and characteristic of the whole book. In point of fact, however, with the exception of a date which is incorrect (but the point involved is wholly correct), all of the minor points he dotes upon are matters of interpretation and not fact because the documentary evidence for each point is either inconclusive or contradictory.

Naturally a popular book for the laity precludes the use of footnotes in which one could argue for one's interpretation of disputed points. Moreover, I believe my interpretations are as sound as his, and it is really unfair in a short review for him to be reduced to the old numbers game—that "most scholars" favor his viewpoint. Books must be criticized, but let us be fair and use sound principles in our criticism.

(REV.) RICHARD M. SPIELMANN

Women Intellectuals?

Santarém, Brazil

To the Editors: While it would be pleasant to contemplate the potential of the fair sex in areas other than the production of beauty and emotion, your Jan. 27 issue on the Woman Intellectual in the Church is not a very telling proof of the existence of higher intellectual power in the female of the species, if you are to accept the four ladies who contributed to *Commonweal's* case as qualified repre-

sentatives of female intellectual ability.

Most of what they said is undoubtedly true but I failed to sift a single fresh idea from among all the verbiage which they had not stolen from a male thinker. The issue was a long string of quotations and citations of the opinions of real intellectuals—Hegel, Freud, Erikson, Maslow, Marcel, Barth, De Chardin, Ricoeur, Küng, etc. This is downright intellectual plagiarism! It reminds one of the New Testament comparison of the Pharisees whose teachings consisted of interminable quotes with Jesus "who spoke with authority." But at least they are trying to get into the mainstream of rarefied thought!

Will the real Catholic female intellectuals (if they exist) please stand up?

(REV.) JAMES MURRAY

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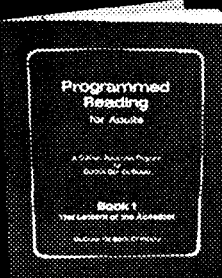
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